THE

Cornish Comedy,

As it is ACTED

AT THE

THEATRE-ROYAL

IN

Dorset-Garden,

BY

His MAJESTY's Servants.

Printed by George Powell

Non fumum ex fulgore, sed ex fumo dare lucem
Cogitat, ———

Hor. de Arte Poetica.

First Edition.

LONDON:

Printed for *D. Brown* at the *Black Swan* and *Bible* without *Temple-Bar*; and *T. Bennet* at the *Half Moon* in St. *Paul's* Church-yard; and *K. Gateley* at the upper end of *Chancery-yard* without *Temple-Bar*. MDCXCVI.

TO

CHRISTOPHER RICH *Esq*;

One of the Pattentees of His Majesty's Theatres.

SIR,

THIS Play, the Conception of a few loose hours, being committed by the Author to my Hand to Dispose in the World, I cannot Discharge the Adoption I have taken of it better, than by making a Present of it here. And truly, *SIR*, for a Worthy Patron, You stand my Noblest Choice. Ev'n the proudest Greatness and Nobility are but Poorer Shrines to Offer at: For that Great Lord, and this Noble Lady, may Patronize a Play, and Cherish an Author: But You, *SIR*, in Your Higher Province, are the Support of Playing it Self. And if the Diversion of the Stage makes so considerable a part of the Entertainment of the Age; without Flattery, I may tell You, That Your Self is one of the Greatest Founders of that Feast. For no Man has pusht Fairer, or ventured Franklier, to carry on the Muses Cause, even in their Mourning Days, and most Declining Circumstances; and with that Unmurmuring Cheerfulness, that You never Repined at Your Profusest Favours in their Protection.

As You ſtand thus Extraordinary Qualified for this Humble Addreſs; ſo I avow to the World, That I intend, in this Offering, a Piece of Devotion above that of a Common Dedication. For I do not ſo much Dedicate the Play to You, as I do my Self. You are ſo much the Gentleman (a Name that includes all Titles) in Your Candour and Goodneſs, and the Conduct of Your whole Adminiſtration amongſt us, that nothing but the higheſt Ingratitude can play the Infidel with You.

'Tis true, You have Unhappily met with too many Barbarous Returns from Murmurers and Mutineers, whilſt the Popular Outcry of Oppreſſion, the too Common, though never ſo Falſe, Pretence for Rebellion, has not been wanting, to too many Renegadoes to fall from You: But as the faireſt Standard and the Beſt Cauſe will ſometimes have Deſerters; their Revolt is their Shame, not Yours. For Your True Worth, when throughly known, will be found to ſtand above the Reach of their falſe Calumny and Detraction.

And againſt all ſuch poor Apoſtacy, I here enter my publick Proteſtation and Abhorrence; and here, like an Honeſt Subſcription to a Loyal Aſſociation, declare my ſelf,

SIR,

Your Ever Unſhaken,

and moſt truly

Faithful Servant,

GEORGE POWELL.

THE PREFACE.

I Am not ignorant, that Criticks (like London *Juries) are apt to give quite different Verdicts upon the ſame Faults aggravated with the ſame Circumſtances; and the ſame Thing ſhall be Condemned as an Inexcuſeable Fault in one, and Applauded as a Beauty in another. This Reflection made me at firſt unwilling to expoſe this Play to the publick View; but when I conſidered how many Young Criminals have found Favour, for no other Reaſon, (that I could find) but that it was their firſt Fault, I reſolved to let it ſtand its Tryal, where I ſhall leave it to take its Fate according to its Deſerts.*

This Play was written for my own private Diverſion in the Country where the Scene is laid, and brought on the Stage for the Diverſion of others: If it has had the good Fortune to pleaſe, I have my end; If not, yet I hope my good Natur'd Intention will be ſo far from being Imputed to me as a Fault, that it will Atone (at leaſt) for ſome of the Errors I have committed.

There is one Objection, made by Perſons of that ſtrange Antipathy to any thing that is Obſcene, that the leaſt tincture of it ſtrangely Diſorders them, that is laid to its Charge,

which,

which, after the Plays I have ſeen crowded and admired, did not a little ſurprize me; for I was ſo far from being Conſcious to my ſelf, of having intrenched on Decency more than ordinary, that my greateſt fear was, that it would prove too Modeſt for this Age: But I hope this is only a piece of Female Hypocriſie, and that which is condemned in publick will become Matter of private Diverſion. But, Reader, I will ſtay thee no longer at the Door, go in, and ſee what the Nice Humour of this Age takes Offence at, and with me Congratulate the happy Change.

PRO-

PROLOGUE.

By Mr. *Haines*, in a *Barriſter's* Gown.

May it pleaſe this Honourable Houſe,
MY Corniſh *Clyent, whoſe Muſe is to be try'd,*
Begs, what I humbly conceive, *can't be deny'd,*
That you'll admit me Counſel *of his ſide.*
We Claim it by the Act; *Pray hear our Reaſon,*
Nonſence is always in this Court held Treaſon.

Therefore,
I Move, *That Silence in this Court be kept,*
Whilſt we againſt the Jury do except.

Firſt then,
We Challenge Criticks; *They don't Act like Chriſtians,*
They'r Hittites, Gergaſhites, *they'r meer Phyſitians*
To us I'm ſure, and ſtill will ſo remain,
Till Sampſon-*like our Locks are grown again:*
And next, All thoſe who make a Trade of Writing,
As Fencing-Maſters are forbidden Fighting.

We Challenge,
All Quality-Fops, that Whiſper Orange-*Wenches:*
Why are ſuch Locuſts *ſuffer'd on our* Benches *?*
They put off rotten Oranges *to a Novice;*

Huſſy's,
If you'd Thrive, Set up an Inſurance *Office,*
In Cupid's *Manſions, Lovers will deſire,*
That all his Tenants be ſecur'd from Fire.

We Challenge with Submiſſion,
All your News Whiſperers, who with wiſe Grimaces,
Carry the Fate of Kingdoms in their Faces;
In Theory of Warfare ſo well known,
That ere the Siege was laid, they'd ta'en the Town:
Be all ſuch Coffee *Judges baniſht hence,*
Let 'um to Garraway's, *there beat the French.*

We

We Challenge Peremptorily,
All Toping Rakes *that Booz till break a day,*
Then Stagger to the Chocolate *Houſe, thence to the Play,*
To Break a poor Fellow's Head would have 'um pay;
Thirſting for Fame, *but Thirſting more for* Drink,
How can they Judge that can't pretend to Think:
My Client likes none of thoſe for Jurymen,
No Soldier, nor no Courtier. With Submiſſion, *Who then?*
Since he ſcorns Wits, and all Poetick Rules,
We move for a Jury *of ſuch the Wits call Fools.*
Rich Country-Puts, and Grave Subſtantial Cits,
Who live on their own *Eſtates, and not like Wits;*
Well-meaning Dunces by Predeſtination,
That Laugh at all your frothy *Wit o'th' Nation.*
Who when you Wits Swear Damme! 'Tis all Stuff;
Will cry, No Faith, methinks 'tis well enough.
Theſe are the Men that we expect to Night,
Should do both Vizor Mask *and Poet right;*
Like Hudibras, *profound in* Analiticks,
Such Blades would ſave the Play, and Damn the Critick;
Without ſuch a Jury, our Poet will look as blank,
As he were to receive his Third *day from* the Bank.

The

The First Part of the Dialogue.

Sung by Mr. Bowen *and Mrs.* Croſs, *between the Second and Third Acts.*

The Words by Mr. *Haynes*, and Set by Mr. *Clarke*.

Damon. *IF* Cloris *pleaſe,*
Let Cloris *Smile on any Swain,*
For I have got my Heart again,
And am at Eaſe.
My dear fair Cheat
Can Love one hour,
And Hate next minute;
Love's no power,
There's nothing in it
But deceit.
Yet how you've ſworn,
Your chaſt deſire,
Like Veſtal fire,
Should ever burn:
But now I find,
She I Lov'd beſt,
Is like the reſt,
Of fickle Womankind.
This hour
To've loſt your power:
Now your Smiles no Magick have,
Now you may Frown,
And I ne're Swoon;
Alas! Your Charms I brave.
I've been betray'd,
By a very pretty Maid,
But am no more her Slave.

Cloris. *Whilſt* Damon *was to* Cloris *true,*
E're my falſe one Thirſis *knew;*
Were we not then a happy Pair?

Da. *We were.* Clo. *We were.* Da. *We were.* Clo. *We were.*

Chorus. *We were then a happy Pair.*

Clo. *Peace of mind,*
So refin'd,
Sure on earth was never known;
Ne're deſiring,
Or admiring,
Any Heaven but our own.
Each moment I dy'd with the thought of the Bliſs,
And you breath'd a new Soul with each life-giving Kiſs.
Da. *When panting and fainting to* Cloris *I kneel'd,*
How dear were her ſmiles, and how ſweetly they kill'd?
Then you bleſs'd me.
As you kiſs'd me.
But even then deceiv'd me too.
Clo. *As you us'd me, ſo I uſe you.*
Da. *Is't true?* Clo. *'Tis true.* Da. *Is't true?* Clo. *'Tis true, 'tis too too true.*
Da. *Then* Cloris *adieu.*
Clo. *Then farewel you.*
Da. *Farewel.* Clo. *Farewel,* &c.
Clo. *Adieu; farewel you; Adieu.*

Exeunt ſeverally.

The Second Part of the Dialogue between the Third and Fourth Acts.

Enter Damon *and* Cloris *meeting one the other.*

Damon. WELL, Cloris, *How find you your ſelf ſince you're free?*
Cloris. *My Heart leaps for joy.*
Da. *It's juſt ſo with me.*
Clo. *Since then from the cares of Love we are free;*
Da. *And the doubts and the torments of curs'd Jealouſy.*
Clo. *How happy are we!* Da. *How happy are we!*

Choru

Chorus. *Sure nothing can be, no nothing can be, no, no, no, nothing can be*
So pleaſant, ſo pleaſant, as our Liberty.
Both going off, *Damon* returns.

Damon. *But hold! e're we part, What think you of this,*
The Love's we began, mayn't we end with one Kiſs?
What ſays angry Cloris?

Cloris. *Why,* Cloris *ſays*—— Cloris *ſays*—— *Yes.*
Salutes her during the Ritarnello.

Da. (Kneeling). *'Can I no way deſerve to have one Salute more?*

Clo. *'No,* Damon, *no more, I cannot, I may not,*
'I dare not, beſtow any more.

(Aſide.) *'For ſhould I give one, I ſhould never give o're.*

Da. *'Oh, let me one Kiſs, one ſoft Kiſs more ſteal.*

Clo. *'No, not while you to my proud Rival kneel.*

Da. *'But ſay, if I my wandring heart,*
'For Love of you call home again,
'Could you from your new Choice depart,
'And turn to your repenting Swain.

Clo. *'Were* Cerydon *brighter than the day,*
'Fairer than the Milky way,
*'*Damon, *the Courſeſt of the Swains, but True,*
'I'd quit him and all the World, for you,
'I would Live with my Damon *in a Deſart alone,*
'And envy no Monarch the empty delights of his 'Throne.

Chorus. *Then let's haſte,*
Love ſweets to taſte,
Whilſt God's above,
Enamouring our Love,
Deſire to know,
The more than Heavenly Joys we taſte below.

Clo. *Let Love's Lambent fire,*
Inflame our deſire.

Da. —— *Then let* Cupid's *dart,*
Now wound your ſoft heart.

Clo. *I do't e're we part.* Da. *Will you do it e're we part?* Clo. *Indeed now I will.*

Da. *Indeed!* Clo. *Ay, indeed, now indeed, I'll do't e're we part.*

Chorus. *We'll do't e're we part, we'll do't e're we part.*

Dramatis-

Dramatis Perſonæ.

Men		By
Gripe.	A Merchant, Old, Teſty, Laſcivious and Miſerable.	Mr. *Johnſon.*
Peregrine.	His Son, in Love with *Eugenia.*	Mr. *Mills.*
Truſty.	A good natur'd old Gentleman Plotting for the good of his Nephew, to whom he was a Guardian and a tender Uncle.	Mr. *Simpſon.*
Manley.	His Nephew, Contracted to *Clarinda.*	Mr. *Harland.*
Swaſh.	A true Country Squire that makes Recreations his buſineſs.	Mr. *Lee.*
Sharper.	A broken Shopkeeper, his Follower, Treacherous and Hypocritical.	Mr. *Powell.*
Buſy.	An ignorant Rhodomontade Captain of the Militia.	Mr. *Haynes.*
Freeman.	A Gentleman of a looſe Temper.	Mr. *Williams.*
Nic Froth.	A Cheating Spunging Innkeeper.	Mr. *Penkethman.*
Shuffle, And *Cunningham.*	Attornies, Cheating and Mercenary.	Mr. *Bullock.*

A *Parſon*, Four *Bailiffs*, *Fowler*, and other *Attendants.*

Women		By
Clarinda.	The Daughter of *Gripe*, a Vertuous Lady.	Mrs. *Temple.*
Eugenia.	A Vertuous Lady, *Manley*'s Siſter.	Mrs. *Andrews.*
Sue.	*Froth*'s Wife, Cunning, Imperious, and Impudent.	Mrs. *Lucas.*
Margaret.	A Wench kept by *Freeman.*	Mrs. *Mills.*
Maid.		Mrs. *Unwin.*

SCENE, *CORNWAL.*

THE

THE Cornish Comedy.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Gripe, Peregrine, *and* Clarinda.

Cla. MArried, Sir, and to morrow ſay you?

Gri. And pray, Why not to morrow, as well as to morrow twelvemonth? What have young Maids to do but to obey their Father's commands? I will defer the matter no longer.

Per. Will you force Conſent, Sir, and Inclination?

Gri. Conſent, Sir, Cannot her Father tell what is fitteſt for her to conſent to? —— But Sons think it their greateſt glory if they can contradict or teach their Fathers. The one is no wit unleſs the other be upbraided, and called Fool or Knave, at leaſt by inference.

Per. Sir, I have done.

Gri. As I expected, the Father no ſooner ſpeaks, but the Son thinks his breath too good to be ſpent in ſuch company.

Per. Would you permit me, Sir, I would declare my mind at large.

Gri. Under Articles, —— ſince it muſt be ſo, proceed with your Predicables and Predicaments, and other Items in abundance.

Per. By Natures dictate, each may chuſe his Mate,
Man, Beaſt, and Bird, —— and all that Generate;
Each Male his Female, liberty is Bliſs,
And full content's a perf & Paradice.

Gri. Rhimes, never ſtir! —— Rhimes! out of the School of Vertue, or ſome ſuch precious Author; let the young Girls looſe to temptation, they'l ſoon conceive the dictates of Nature. I tell you, Friend, I will maintain no Baſtards.

Per. My Siſter, Sir, I truſt is Chaſte and Vertuous.

Gri. So are all young Women until they are tempted —— a Woman's Chaſtity is not from her vertuous will or inclination, but becauſe ſhe hath not the power or opportunity to be otherwiſe; give her her wing, fancy will work a-pace, and the firſt Gay Modiſh Spark, with long Beau Peruke and gawdy Snuff-box, may manage her at pleaſure.

Per. By Nature all things covet liberty, but you compare your Childrento the Beaſts, and becauſe ſome of each Sex are brutal, condemn the whole, as if there were none but a compelled Chaſtity: You make the Jewel Vertue, a privation; who e're ſhe grant a Wedlock, firſt cauſes a liking, then the noble paſſion Love, which once ingrafted in the Soul, the Marriage proves for ever comfortable.

Gri. If it be once ingraſted in the Soul, 'twill not be long e're it get into the Body; Under what circumſtances is your Vertue then Boy? Let the moſt tranſported Lover have but one quarter of an hour with the charming Fair, the Paſſion is over, and the crackt Venice-Glaſs returns to its firſt owner; once more, I tell you, I will maintain no Baſtards.

Per. Remark abroad, what you may dread at home; tell me of one forced Marriage that was not exemplarily miſerable: The Perſons are the Figures; the Portion, Jointure, and the Settlement, are Cyphers; if the firſt be good, the latter amplify, or of themſelves are nothing. Oh! do not raſhly tye the knot which you'l too late repent! When Bodies join without Affection, deſpair commences, and ſhe will hate the Riches for the Owners ſake; beſides, you know her Promiſe made to *Manley*.

Gri. Promiſes, —— never ſtir! haſt thou lived to this age, and yet ignorant that Promiſes are no longer obliging than they ſerve the intereſt of him that made them? Were it an Oath, the diſpenſing power is in me, and ſhe ſhould break her Oath for Conſcience ſake.

Per. My Father takes Oaths like Apothecaries Pills, the leſs regarded, the better they ſettle in a ſqueazy ſtomach. [*Aſide.*

Cla. For my dear Mothers ſake grant me ſome reſpite. [*Kneels and weeps.*

Gri. Would'ſt thou delay thy happineſs? —— thou muſt and ſhalt obey.

Enter Truſty.

Tr. How now Miſer? Still ſhewing new unkindneſs to thy Children?

Gri. Now my daily Ague comes to ſhake me.

Tr. No thy ill Conſcience flying in thy face, that never will let thee reſt, thy ruſty Soul hath infected thy Body with the Jaundice; thou ſordid ſlave to Mammon without Wages!

Gri. Would'ſt thou I ſpend by thy example, and be poor.

Tr. I'm much more rich than thou with all thy Gold, I have ſupplies which I and mine do uſe with full content and ſatisfaction; I give, I lend, I buy, pay every man his due without regret; I and my Family freely and proportionably ſhare the bleſſings given us, live peaceably and hoſpitably, give liberablly to the poor; for which thou calleſt me Prodigal.

Gri. Better thou madeſt proviſion for thy Family, not frolick all away.

Tr. Thinkeſt thou I'll live my days in miſery like thee, to die rich, unthank'd, and unlamented: I would not for thy wealth ſhare thy diſquiets, 'tis he is poor, ſo anxious is, and careful, that hath not Souſ to enjoy what himſelf poſſeſſeth. *Clarinda* weeps ſtill, Miſer! What is the meaning?

Gr. For joy to morrow that ſhe ſhall be Married.

Cla. For Joy, wretched *Clarinda.*

Tr. To the diſcreet and moſt accompliſh'd Squire *Swaſh.*

Gr. The ſame, Sir, I have lived ſo long in the world to know that a rich Fool is to be preferred before a wiſe Beggar; the Wit may give you ſtarving mirth, but the rich man fills the Belly; mind that Mrs. *Minx*, better doctrine than your Brother preaches.

Tr. I met this famous Squire even now at yonder Alehouſe-door drinking Brandy, and ſuch an Equipage I feared at firſt, from whence they came a broken Shopkeeper, his ſycophant and flatterer, the hired Ingineer of his Maſters more ſpeedy deſtruction; a Huntſman with ſome twenty couple of Hounds; Six men with Cocks in bags; one with a Hawk on his fiſt, leading a pair of Spaniel Dogs in ſtrings; a Fiſher with Fiſhing-tackle; Fowler with Fowling-piece; the Squire winds the Horn, the Men Halloo, the Dogs Eccho ſuch a prodigious noiſe as they call Harmony.

Gr. He brings his whole Family with him to ſave charges at home. [*Aſide.*

Cla. What an extravagant Character is here!

Gr. Sports incident to Youth, —— he ſhall be Married, Madam, and then no danger of his taking up, —— he comes. [*Horn winds.*

Enter Swaſh, *in one hand an horn, in t'other a Pole*; Sharper *with an Hare and Pole in the other hand*; *Six men with Cocks in Bags*; *Fiſher with fiſhing rods*; *Fowler with Fowling Piece*; *Fawkner with Hawk on his fiſt, leading a pair of Spaniel Dogs in ſtrings, all the Men with Poles in their hands, and all other things proper to their reſpective Games.*

Swa. Leave the Dogs without, —— *Venus* is proud, tye her up till to morrow, *Jupiter* and *Tarquin* muſt be ſecured, or they'l rove after the Conies; Little *Cupid* too muſt be narrowly eyed, he'l be ſhifting in every corner, if the Kitchin-wench ſpill any of her hot Liquor upon him he may be ſpoiled for ever, —— *Sharper* let it be your care to morrow when I am in Bed with my Miſtriſs, that all living Creatures that belong to me be let looſe together.

Gri. Squire, you are welcome, you continue your innocent diverſions.

Swa. Ay, Sir, What's a Gentleman without his Recreations? With theſe we endeavour to paſs away that time which otherwiſe would lie upon our hands, Hawks, Hounds, Setting Dogs, and Cocks with their appurtenances, are the true marks of a well-bred Country Gentleman; and becauſe 'tis ridiculous to be without ſome, I have 'um all, and put 'um up with me where-ever I go.

Gr. You do well, Sir.

Swa. I muſt deſire good quarters for my Hounds, they have run hard to day.

Gr. You ſhall, I promiſe you.

Shar. Sir, you forget your Lady.

Swa. My Plough wrought hard, 'tis prudence to ſee my Beaſts provided for before I regard my ſelf.

Per. He cares more for his Hounds than thee, *Clarinda.* } *Aſide to each*
Cla. Wou'd he would take no farther care of me. } *other.*

Shar. Your Huntſmen hath ta'en care of them.

Swa. If ſo, then for the other Game. Is this to be my Spouſe?

[*Salutes. She turns.*

Cla. I know not what my Fates decree —— phoh! how he ſtinks of Brandy and Tobacco! [*Aſide and Spits.*

Swa. The Fates, Madam, are a parcel of old withered Witches, for us they ſhall ſpin Cables; thou ſhalt be my *Diana*, I thy *Pan*; thou ſhalt dance to my Pipe. —— *Sharper*, the Hare, Madam, I preſent the fruits of this days labour to you. [*Gives the Hare.*

Gr. Genteel and Frugal, —— ſome Prodigals would have beſtowed a hundred Guineas in a Jewel. [*Aſide.*

Swa. With my own hands I took her up before the Hounds, a while ſhe beat her foyl, and once we were at a ſhrewd fault; I back'd it, I put forth, I rounded, I freſh found her, Hallo! (quoth I) thou art mine own Bird now, and thus I fairly killed my Hare.

Gr. Pray, Sir, What are theſe?

Swa. True Cocks of the Game, —— Let me ſee the old Cutthroat.

[*Cock Crows.* Swa. *Halloo.*

Shar. Sir, you neglect your Lady. [*takes out a Cock.*

Swa. I have kiſs'd her, and now I'll ſhew her my beſt Cock, —— What can I do more before all this Company? Pray handle him, Madam, Is he not a ſprightly Cock?

Cla. It may be ſo, I have no judgment.

Swa. In good time, Madam.

Gr. 'tis a Chargeable Recreation.

Swa. That's your miſtake, Sir, I make all my Recreations turn to advantage, I hunt my Hounds for a Treat, no matter whether I win or looſe, it anſwers the end of drawing of Company; as ſoon as we are warm with Liquor, I make a match of Cockfighting, and then a Hundred or Two hundred Pounds are ſoon won, for I never fight a Battel under; this Cock firſt and laſt hath won me a Thouſand pound, pierc'd often through the Brain, thrice his Neck was broke, and once his Head quite cut off, and yet he got the Battel.

Gr. You are not always certain of ſucceſs.

Swa. A ſecret I give my Cock when I throw him into the Pit, he does his work, while you ſay what's this; or if we come to put to, I never fear, for we carry a cloſe heel.

Gr. Never ſtir, I admire when pleaſures turn to accompt, 'tis very commendable; and for your better inſtruction in the affairs of the world, mind this infallible receipt, do no good, take no wrong, keep what you have, catch what you can, and pay no body.

Swa.

Swa. But where is my Reputation.

Gr. A gloſs, a varniſh, a blind to amuſe the unthinking world, a trap for Woodcocks, neceſſary ſometimes to a declining ſtate, or one turning Bankrupt, credit for a ſhort time perhaps diverts that ſtorm otherwiſe inevitably happening, and helps at laſt to buoy him on anothers ruin.

Swa. As ſome Marry to ſtop a gap, (as we ſay).

Gr. True —— but if men gallop up the hill; Fame is the rich man's ſhadow, and follows at your heels whether you will or no.

Swa. Indeed.

Gr. For inſtance, people diſcourſing of me, That miſerable old Dog is worth thouſands (ſay they).

Swa. So ſcurrilous!

Gr. I know it, and am proud of it, for under that creditable Character, my word will paſs for more Money than the moſt accompliſh'd Coxcomb, or man of Senſe, that comes from Court or City, or from either of the Univerſities or Inns of Court, —— but I judge you may be weary, and and Supper is almoſt ready, I'll lead the way.

Swa. I thank you, Sir, —— Madam your hand; along Boys, Seſſe, Seſſe. [*Exeunt.*

Tr. Where is the Courtſhip all this while, *Peregrine*?

Per. Within after Supper, his Love always moults on an empty Stomach. [*Exit.*

[*As* Sharper *is going,* Truſty *takes him by the Sleeve,* Sharper *ſtarts.*

Shar. At whoſe Suit, pray? —— He is no Creditor, I never ſaw his face before, —— nor Bailiff by his Cloaths, though he hath a ſuſpicious face. [*Aſide.*

Tr. Mr. *Sharper* (for ſo I am told you are called) I am deſirous of an intimate acquaintance with you; I admire Vertue and Honeſty in every man.

Shar. Is the Man Drunk or Mad, I never had a dram of either, they lie not in our way. [*Aſide.*

Tr. Pity it is ſuch worth ſhould lie buried in obſcurity, we ſhould improve our Talents to the utmoſt to relieve our needy Brethren in diſtreſs.

Shar. A Religious preface, —— commonly miſchief intended in the Treatiſe. [*Aſide.*

Tr. My Bowels yearn to ſee ſuch men in want, —— pray, Sir, accept this Token of my Friendſhip. [*Gives a Purſe.*

Shar. Ha! Gold, and Twenty pieces! —— How may I deſerve this! but 'tis meer folly for men in adverſity to diſpute theſe matters, —— what e're be the event, I take the preſs-money, —— if Shipwreck'd I have but this Hull to loſe, and that is not very ſtanch, —— Fortune can never make me much leſs than nothing. [*Aſide*]. Sir, I thank you, —— I ſuppoſe theſe golden rays have their attendance; What work muſt I do to merit all this?

Tr. The earneſt of Two hundred more forth coming, if thou wilt be my Friend.

Shar.

Shar. Two hundred more! —'tis enough to retrieve my Shop and Credit, I find I was miſtaken in the Gentleman, on ſecond thoughts, methinks he hath a very honeſt promiſing Countenance. [*Aſide*]. Your Commands, Sir, I thirſt to be in action.

Tr. Wilt thou be ſecret?

Shar. As your own thoughts, — by this ſacred purſe I ſwear, we that take Bribes, take examples by our Betters, be true to our Cuſtomers for the ſake of Trade, whatever it be, I'll do it as readily as ever Priſoner Perjured himſelf on the Ten pound Act; as greedily, and with as much zeal as ever Clergyman Ruined his Pariſhioner for a Tythe Pig or Gooſe.

Tr. Wilt thou Betray thy Maſter to me?

Shar. Is this Body mine? My whole ſhall be your ſecurity; come come, the method, lets about it.

Tr. Of that anon, — in, in, you'l loſe your Supper.

Shar. This dear reſtorative will cure all hunger, — Oh, Gold! dear precious Gold! thou Liberty and Property, Religion and the Laws; thou every thing to a deſpairing Tradeſman, welcome: Now by this precious Villany, and its wages, I'll ſuddenly compound with my Creditors, go ſnips with 'em, and ſet up for Honeſt *Tom. Sharper* the Shopkeeper again, this may make me Mayor of a Corporation in a ſhort time, and then I'll pay off the arrearages of my Debts (if any) out of the publick ſtock.

Tr. He is overjoyed. [*Aſide.*

Shar. If want of Money be the Quagmire of the Court, it is certainly the Jakes of the Country, which makes the poor Creatures ſo nauſeous that they are ſpued out of all Company; when I broke — my Neighbours could not endure me, and no name was bad enough; when I ſet up again, they'l flock about me with all the kind pretenſions imaginable. Thy Golden days are coming, *Tom*, — bleſt reformation! [*Aſide.*

Tr. Mr. *Sharper* you forget your Supper.

Shar. I had almoſt forgot my ſelf, ——— ſhall I attend you here, or where, Sir?

Tr. In the Garden, our diſcourſe may be over-herad here.

Shar. Prudent forecaſt, ——— no wonder Men ſay, *Wealth is the wiſdom of a Nation*, Gold plentifully got works by ſympathy over all the body, and all the words are Oracles. In the Garden an hour hence, I will wait your commands, and if I do not prove as honeſt a Traytor as ever took cauſe in hand, let me be hanged, drawn, and quartered. [*Exit.*

Tr. How ſuddenly the needy wretch was caught! He ſwallowed the bait as ſoon as offered: Now by the ſtrength of mighty expectation the ungrateful Creature ſells the hand that feeds him; my Nephew *Manley*, to whom in his Minority I was a Guardian, lies under as ſtrict a Contract with the fair *Clarinda* as (without the ſolemnity of Marriage) can be obliging, ſhe may be a great Fortune, he hath a fair Eſtate, though not ſo great as that Fops within, that crammed Son of a —— miſerable Uſurer, a working Tinner; with like ſucceſs *Gripe*'s Son Courts *Manley*'s Siſter, on one third all depends, the part ſeems difficult, but I muſt wade through by ſeeming and clandeſtine means.

Enter

Enter Clarinda.

Here poor *Clarinda* comes in Tears.—— I'll try her Conſtancy —— *Clarinda*, why diſconſolate ſo near your Wedding day?

Cla. Name not that miſerable Day, I much more willingly would court my Death; now help my Tutelar Angel; now, or never help! [*Kneels, weeps.*

Tr. Ariſe *Clarinda*, what wouldſt have me do?

Cla. Beggars muſt kneel, pity my Miſery.—— Muſt I be raviſhed from my dear, dear *Manley*'s Arms. You, Sir, that know the Secrets of our Hearts, the Vows, the ſacred Promiſes we made each other before your Face, and with your Approbation, can you be ignorant what I would have you do?

Tr. I pity *Manley*'s fate. You have a richer Husband brought you, Madam. *Manley*, poor Creature, grieves at his own unworthineſs; which takes you from him, wiſhing you all happineſs, inſiſts not on the Pre-engagement; concludes you act meerly by compliance to your Father.

Cla. Nay, then he loves me not; true Affection cannot be limitted by Intereſt or blind Obedience —— Falſe *Manley!* treacherous *Manley!* No, it cannot be, *Manley*—— continues juſt, but thinks me falſe; thinks all my kindneſs was a bare Pretence or Civility.—— A time will come to prove my Conſtancy.—— I'll to my Father inſtantly,—— tell him I'll never marry *Swaſh*. *Manley*! for me thou languiſheſt with patience; and ſhall *Clarinda* baſely and unworthily neglect her plighted Promiſe to thee?—— No, *Manley*, it never ſhall be ſaid, *Clarinda*'s falſe. [*Exitura.*

Tr. Clarinda ſtay,—— one remedy is left; by your aſſiſtance I can break the Cloud hangs o're our heads. [*Return.*

Cla. Speak on, dear Oracle! I will do any thing to ſerve my Love.

Tr. Give this your Father before he Sleeps. [*Shews Paper of Powder.*

Cla. Ha! will you poyſon him? and by mine Hand? —— Give it me, if it need blood to bring it to perfection.—— I offer a Virgin Sacrifice, but ne're conſent to my dear Father's Murther.

Tr. Clarinda, this was but a trial,—— that Fop ſhall never wed thee. Fear not, I'll ſtand 'twixt thee and harm, my dear *Clarinda*.

Cla. Will you kill my Father, Sir?

Tr. No, I abhor ſuch helliſh Crimes.—— I have the Plot ſo firmly here projected; within few days thou ſhalt be *Manley*'s Bride, and with thy Father *Gripe*'s conſent.

Cla. This, tho improbable, I would believe. May you ſucceed, my Courage now revives.

Tr. What remarks within?

Cla. With fears and troubles I was ſo perplext, I ſcarce remember what was ſaid or done.

Tr. How got you from the Squire?

Cla. Supper brought in, he quitted his hole, falls to ere any Grace was ſaid, quarters a Capon, throws it his Dogs, which he call'd *Trey* and *Cater*, cries,

A wife

A wiſe Man firſt ſeeds his Beaſts, which he repeats for a witty Saying. Having my liberty, I haſtened to find you, which happily I did, this is what I can ſay.

Tr. And it is time, *Clarinda*, to adjourn, *Sharper* expects me in the Garden, be you as gay and eaſy as you can; prevent all cauſe of Jealouſy; of what occurs give full intelligence with all conveniency.

Cla. I ſhall, with my utmoſt care and application.

Tr. And for the reſt,

Leave it to me, I'll play the Pilots part,
And reach the Port, or periſh in the Art. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

A SONG ſung to *Manley* muſing in his Chair.

Sung by Mr. *Leveredge*. Set by Mr. *Clark*.

I.

WHEN Maids live to Thirty, yet never repented;
When all Europe's *at Peace, and all* England *contented,*
When no Gameſter will ſwear, and no Bribery thrives,
Young Wives love old Husbands, young Husbands old Wives;
When Landlords love Taxes, and Soldiers love Peace,
And Lawyers forget a rich Client to fleece.
When an old Face ſhall pleaſe as well as a new;
Wives, Husbands, and Lovers, will ever be true.

II.

When Bullies leave huffing, and Cowards their trembling,
And Courtiers, and Women, and Prieſts their diſſembling.
When theſe ſhall do nothing againſt what they teach,
Pluralities hate, and we mind what they preach;
When Vintners leave brewing to draw the Wine pure,
And Quacks by their Medicines kill leſs than they cure.
When an old Face ſhall pleaſe as well as a new,
Wives, Husbands, and Lovers will ever be true.

Manley riſeth, Enough, ——This is no cure for my Malady,—— What a miſerable Wretch is Man!——Condemned to Paſſions, captivated by 'em —— We are the Monarchs o're all other Creatures, yet Anarchy predominates in us. The Senſes in Confederacy raiſe Rebellion againſt reaſon; there now is a Civil War over all this Compound Tabernacle. Pride and Deſire diſturb the Harmony of Government, endeavouring to undermine the tottering Fabrick, and to hurl all into Chaos and Confuſion. —— Such is my caſe

caſe, the Love of a Woman; mine ſhe is by contract, and I am ſatisfied ſhe bears me a reciprocal Affection. Shall I ſuffer her to be torn from me by that tawdry Bubble? I am in a Labyrinth —— ha! *Freeman* come to teaze me!

Enter Freeman.

Free. Ned Manley! and alone! throw off this ſelf entertaining humour, let's take a Bottle, and waſh away *Clarinda*.

Man. Prithee be gone, I'm ſerious.

Enter Truſty.

Free. Sir, I am glad you are come, —— here is a rich pile of building ſhaken by a ſtorm, and like to fall to ruin, wants a Supporter.

Tr. Clarinda has her cue, and by this time *Sharper* is at work, —— now for my other Patient, —— [*Aſide*] —— Nephew, How d'ye?

Man. As well as the Image of a man, a mere Statue, deprived of Senſe and Reaſon, can be; like a Bird inſnared, the more I ſtrive for liberty, the more I am intangled.

Tr. What means this paſſion? Are there no more Women?

Man. Would there were none at all!

Free. Nay, *Manley*, there I am utterly againſt you, though *to have and to hold till death us do part*, &c. goes againſt the hair, yet for an hour or two they are very convenient things, and very good Company.

Tr. You like not Marriage, Mr. *Freeman*.

Free. 'Tis a Mortgage for Life, without *Equity of Redemption*.

Man. Thy wild diſcourſe too much offends me now.

Free. Becauſe thou haſt not the Grace to hearken to good edifying doctrine, —— Woman's expelled by Woman; take another, you may have a great penniworth, if theſe Wars hold, they'l ſpeedily be the plentieſt Commodity going, they lie every where upon their Father's hands; if any of 'em catch me in the nooſe of Matrimony, they ſhall aſſuredly pay for it; but I defy the Devils and all their works.

Tr. Yet *Greece* and *Troy* had Ten years War about a Woman.

Free. That was a handſome Whore, Sir, —— it ſeems in that Golden Age of ſimplicity ſuch a diſh was reſerved for Kings and Princes only, now the times are altered, the world is more Civilized, and a good natured and honeſt fellow need not ſtarve for want of a bit to ſtay his ſtomach.

Man. I can no longer liſten to this Fop.

Tr. Nephew, —— I ſhould be glad if you could fix your thoughts upon ſome other Beauty.

Man. Impoſſible —— the more I'm in danger of loſing *Clarinda*, the more I Love her.

Tr. You know to morrow ſhe muſt be another's, then of neceſſity your paſſion muſt divert.

Man. Deſpair commences, but true and vertuous Love till death I ſhall have for her.

Tr. Can any man but pity him? [*Aſide.*

Man. How does *Clarinda* bear this ſudden change?

Tr. Indeed but heavily, ſhe laments ſincerely.

Man. and I as heartily do pity her. Won't the great argument of Wealth convince her? Marriage is become a way of Purchaſe, or making Bargains; How many cautious Parents fondly perſuade and force their Children to inconvenient and unwelcome Nuptials, that they may live miſerably Rich, ——— Unfortunate *Clarinda!* I muſt pity thee.

Tr. With Tears and Sighs ſhe mournfully cried, Muſt I be Raviſh'd from my dear, dear *Manley*'s Arms! no, I'm his till death, and ne're will be another's.

Man. Did I not tell you I forgave that Promiſe.

Tr. I told her ſo; ſhe told me, you Loved her not, but thought her Falſe, then nobly Vow'd ſhe'd die to be believ'd.

Man. Unkle, you blow the Coals afreſh, I'm more a fire than ever.

Tr. And can you Love *Clarinda* heartily?

Man. Is that become a queſtion? You know till death I muſt.

Tr. Love on.

Man. How!

Tr. Love on, *Clarinda* ſhall be thine, maugre what *Gripe*, and *Swaſh*, and all can do. [*Whiſpers.*

Free. The old Gentleman, I know, hath too great a kindneſs for him to abuſe him, yet to me this diſcourſe ſeems as if it would make him fit for *Bedlam*; 'tis all a myſtery.

Man. Sir, You tell me impoſſibilities.

Tr. It's a certain truth, I'll tell you more anon ——— Mr. *Freeman* you are Melancholy.

Free. Manley bear up! between an Old Man and a Young Woman, I reckon thou art in the high road of Madneſs.

Enter Boy.

Boy. Captain *Buſy* is without, deſires admittance. [*Exit* Boy.

Man. Wait on him in, ——— he pretends Love to my Siſter; prithee *Tom* help me to abuſe him.

Tr. Give him free liberty, he'll do it himſelf ſufficiently, ——— now for a Lecture of Diſcipline; provide for his coming, you'll be both Exerciſed.

Free. He won't Beat us?

Tr. No, no, only teach you the Poſtures, he carries a book in his Pocket out of which he is always practiſing.

Free. Is he a good Soldier?

Tr. A Militia Officer, but a great Blunderer; no more, he comes.

Enter Captain Buſy.

Man. Noble Captain you are welcome.

Buſ. Your Servant Mr. *Manley* ——— though late, I was reſolved to call in my way home.

Man. No Complements amongſt Friends, good Captain, you are welcome here at any hour.

Buſ. I was detained about a troubleſome buſineſs, I have been ſitting upon the great Rate.

Man. 'Tis well known you were ever zealous in publick matters, Commiſſioners ought to be ſo.

Buſ. A Hangman might hope for ſome end of his buſineſs; ſome Fools make the matter as intricate, as the Learned Doctors Scriblings are about Religion, no man can tell what they would be at.

Tr. But you brought off all with good ſucceſs.

Buſ. Thank Patience and a good Head; one cries the Seas are block'd up and we have no Trade, therefore we muſt not be too ſevere to the Country; another, That Money is ſcarce, and other Counties don't come up to our proportion; I told them plainly, They that were not for giving this King Money, were for bringing in the other; at laſt I had my way, and the thing was Signed according to my mind.

Man. But Captain, here's an old Friend of mine, if you are not provided, you had beſt take him for your Lieutenant.

Buſ. Is he a Soldier?

Man. The beſt in the Country.

Free. What doſt mean? I'll diſcover my ignorance. [*Aſide.*

Man. Peace, put on an impudent face, thou wilt paſs muſter. Impudence is as requiſite in a Soldier as in a Lawyer or a Phyſitian, if you have good ſtock, you are noted and admired, but want that, want all.

Buſ. If your Friend will accept of a Lieutenancy of the Militia, I have a blank Commiſſion; but firſt I muſt exerciſe him.

Free. Captain, I underſtand no more than a Maypole.

Buſ. No matter, I'll teach you; one Officer of underſtanding is enough for one Company, ——— but now I think on't, I have ſome Neighbours without that wait for me, I'll call 'em in, you ſhall ſee them Exerciſe.

A Poſture-Dance in imitation of Soldiers Exercise.

Free. This is excellent, a man may venture to fight with theſe Weapons without danger of death, or breaking of Bones.

Buſ. To tell you the truth, I don't think the Militia is oblig'd to fight; they are intended, I ſuppoſe, more for ſhow than ſervice; when the *French* Burnt *Tinmouth*, the *Poſſe* led the Van, the *Militia* the Rear.

Tr. Becauſe the Militia is the ſtanding Guard of the Nation.

Fr. Methinks, Captain, 'tis reaſonable we ſhould earn our Pay: I am for Fighting.

Buſ. The Fellow is the fitter for my ſervice; though Valour in two Officers be too much for one Company, yet 'tis convenient there ſhould be one ſuch Officer; I for Conduct, he for Courage ——— I defie the whole Regiment to match us. He hopes for Pay; let him; I could never ſee any ſuch thing, I believe it may be converted to other Uſes. [*Aſide.*] But where is the fair *Eugenia?* I muſt kiſs her hand before I ſleep.

Man. I had forgot to tell you Captain, that a brisk young Gentleman hath brought his Forces before the Town, and ſwears he'll take it by Storm or by Siege.

Buſ. Dare any perſon be ſo Impudent —— Doſt thou not feel me yet! not yet! (*Bluſters*) Though Hills were ſet on Hills, and Seas met Seas, yet would I reach thine head, thine head, proud ——— Ha! [*Starts.*]

Enter Peregrine *leading* Eugenia.

Fre. Now is your time Captain; for if her flag of Truce be put up, there will be a ſpeedy end of the Siege.

Buſ. Madam, your humble Servant ——— Now for my great and manly looks to put him out of countenance. [*Salutes, and looks big.*] Hark ye, Sir,— Have you any Acquaintance with this Lady?

Per. Dareſt thou, Thing! ask me ſuch a Queſtion? [*Turns to him.*

Buſ. Thing —— *Dux, ducis, a Duco,* a Thing! If I run him through before he turn his face, I'll venture to fight with him afterwards. [*Draws and runs at* Per. Eug. *ſhrieks,* Per. *looks about, ſteps back and draws.*

Eug. Look to your life, *Peregrine.*

Per. Behind my back ——— Cowards are ever miſchievous; now I am ready for you. [*Makes up to him.*

Buſ. Will no body part us; [*Looks back over his Shoulder.*] I am ſlain. [*Lets his Sword fall, and falls on his Back.*

Per. 'Tis with your fear then; I had not time to touch thee: However, I'll make bold with your Sword to prevent future miſchief.

Tr. You may riſe, Captain, you have no hurt; let me help you. [Tr. *helps.*

Buſ. I'm ſure I felt the Sword paſs through the Triangle of my Heart —— What, tho' you ſee no Blood, 'tis a ſign of the greateſt danger when the Wound bleeds inwardly.

Tr. You have no Wound.

Buſ. That you ſaw: I felt it I'm ſure, or I was ſore miſtaken —— Where is this Lieutenant of mine, that could ſee his Captain ſlain before his face, and not revenge his Blood? I think he'll prove a ſpecial Officer.

Fr. Man to man —— 'twould have been Cowardize to have interpos'd.

Buſ. I muſt be kill'd to make you ſport ——— Here's a Dog deſerves to be hang'd for not following the example of his Superiour Officer ——— It is for thee, dear Saint, the Love of thee, I ſuffer all theſe evils. [*To* Eugenia.

Eug.

Eug. For me —— I am not worthy of ſuch reſpect from a Perſon of your Quality.

Buſ. Pretty Creature, thou haſt ſome Compaſſion. [*Takes her by the hand.*

Per. Tho' I could pardon your cowardly aiming to take away my life, I cannot allow ſuch familiarity with my Miſtreſs.

[*Twinges him by the Noſe, and turns him back.*

Buſ. Diſarm'd and twing'd by the Noſe —— Nature was too niggardly to allow me none but Paſſive Valour —— Poor Captain *Buſy* Thou muſt bear thy Croſſes with Patience —— to the right hand about —— [*Acts as he ſpeaks.*] march, to the left —— Halt! Now while he hath her by the hand, and may ſay and do what he pleaſes, I am allowed none but backward Kindneſs: I'll be tryed by any Man in *England* if this be not Arbitrary Power in the higheſt degree.

Man. You have not raiſed the Siege, Captain.

Bu. I endeavoured to beat the Enemy out of his Trenches, but the Lieutenant did not ſecond me with his Body: I threw at all; wiſer Commanders without Diſgrace have been worſted on ſuch terms. [*Aſide to each other.*

Tr. Rally again, Captain; Fortune favours the bold, you may have better ſucceſs the ſecond Charge; you ſcorn to deſiſt on the firſt Repulſe.

Buſ. I beg your Pardon, Sir, —— [*Sees 'em whiſpering.*] A prudent General foreſees Dangers, and will not Fight till he ſee an advantage or opportunity; I content my ſelf with a fair Retreat —— Though I die for't, I muſt hear what they ſay. [*Liſtens.*

Eug. My Brother's Fate and mine ſhall be the ſame.

Per. Then I have hopes, if he ſucceed I may be happy.

Eug. You know my Reſolution.

Buſ. 'Tis ſo; He hath laid a Train, and is going to ſpring his Mine; through the Breach he enters; no relief to be had, ſhe muſt ſurrender at Diſcretion: She's loſt, ſhe's gone, ſince of her ſelf ſhe will not love, nothing can make her; the Devil take her. [*Aſide.*

Per. Liſtning? [*Goes towards him,* Buſy *runs out.*

Fre. I muſt follow him about ſome private Buſineſs of my own.

Per. Take his Sword with you, and bid him uſe it more diſcreetly for the future, leſt he meet a Wound in earneſt —— [*Exit* Fre.] *Manley*, I bring unwelcome News, by my Father's Commands I am to invite all here to my Siſter's Wedding to morrow.

Man. Now, Uncle, Where's your Stratagem?

Tr. Fear nothing.

Eug. And what is become of your full-blown hopes? [*Smiling.*

Per. I reſt ſecurely in your Promiſes.

Eug. They are Conditional.

Enter Sharper.

Per. *Sharper* hath private Buſineſs with Mr. *Truſty* — we muſt withdraw.

Man. If

Man. It ſeems you know it. [*Exeunt.*

Tr. So ſhall you in time convenient —— Now *Sharper!* How goes Matters on?

Sharp. With full Sails, Sir. When I left you, I went to *Nich. Froth's*, the Ale-Houſe yonder, where luckily I found my full Club of Catchpoles ſitting at the Receipt of Cuſtom, curſing ſome Attornies that Cheat them of their honeſt Wages.

Tr. Will they Eſpouſe the matter?

Sharp. Will they Eat when they are Hungry? I no ſooner delivered my Meſſage, but off flew their Caps, and your Worſhip's Health went round; They'll ſtand by you with their Lives and Fortunes; One of them's a broken Lawyer ——

Tr. Do Lawyers break?

Sharp. When Vermine breed too faſt, they will devour each other: The Prieſts monopolize the Pariſhes, therefore they ſeldom break; Phyſitians here and there pick up a Livelyhood, tho' ſmall Apothecaries and Licenſed Chirurgeons, and old Women diſcerning States, incroach on that Art and Profeſſion: Shoopkeepers, like Foxes in their holes, walk forward and backward, but can prey no further than their Chain permits 'em; and as a broken Shoemaker makes a good Cobler, ſo a broken Attorney makes the beſt of Bayliffs.

Tr. What ſaid this Bayliff-Lawyer t' ye?

Sharp. Firſt very ſtrange, with open hand he ſtood, till with a Guinea I ſhook him by the Fiſt: My Darling, he cried, I'll do it effectually; Then taking an old Warrant out of his Pocket, enters his Name, what Sum, and at whoſe Suit: Next week, (ſaid he) if he ſtand out, we'll ſend for the Writ; If he comply, we need not ſend for any; yet he muſt pay for that and the Declaration; This is the way ſmall Fellows get their Bread, the great ones vaſt Eſtates: We could not live ſhould we do all things Juſt; our Trade is a Myſtery, and to keep Clients in profound Ignorance, our great *Arcanum.*

Tr. They'll do their work to morrow?

Sharp. Very early: Bayliffs and Woodcocks make their beſt ſpeed by Twilight. Shall he be carried to a Tavern, Sir? or where?

Tr. To that very Ale-Houſe; He'll find thoſe Charges high enough; Taverns are places unfit for Bayliffs. Doſt think he'll fight his Cocks?

Sharp. He certainly ſhall do it, and I'll ſo order matters, you ſhall get every Battle.

Tr. Be the whole purchaſe yours.

Sharp. Generouſly ſaid, I expect no more; My little Bayliff-Lawyer hath forged this Letter to the old *Gripe* from his Tinn Captain. [*Shews a Letter.*

Tr. Thou haſt betrayed my Cauſe, thou Villain.

Sharp. Nay, See if it be not exactly to your Model. *Reads,*

Sir, *Our Tinn-Work proves very poor, 'twill not pay Wages: if it does not alter within a week, I reſolve to knock it off and diſcharge ſome of the Men, unleſs I have*

con-

contrary Orders from you by the Bearer. In Mr Manley's *Bounds adjoyning, there's a rich load out 6 Foot broad without Water, and perfect* Pryan, *each Sack of Work makes his Gallon of Block Tynn: This I thought fit by Expreſs to warn you of, that it might come before his from his Captain; The Bearer if examined will inform you farther; I reſt in haſte,* Your Obedient Servant,

Stephen Spalding.

Now the ſame Lawyer ſhall be the Meſſenger in a Tinner's Diſguiſe.

Tr. If he be truſty, it ſeems feaſible.

Sharp. I'll pawn my life for his Truth and Honeſty.

Tr. To confirm this, we muſt contrive another Note for *Manley*.

Sharp. Leave it to me—— But Buſineſs now grows thick, and waits diſpatch, I muſt go my Rounds again before I ſleep, and give freſh Orders. [*Exit.*

Enter Manley *and* Peregrine.

Man. Sir, I cannot ſleep before you tell me what are the intents of thoſe ſo ſecret Meetings; I fear ſome ill deſign that doth relate to me.

Tr. Pray, Nephew, whence proceeds this Jealouſie? I can ſwear, and that with ſafety, hitherto I have been faithful to my Truſt.

Man. Sir!——

Tr. I han't as Truſtees now too often do, plundered your Fortune to advance my own, and with bare-fac'd and ſiniſter contrivance in your Minority, with your Money purchaſed an Eſtate in my own Name, to my own Uſe and Benefit; Such Truſtees (Nephew) are eaſily found, and ſuch a poor Cullied Heir, when he arrives to the Age of 21, care being firſt taken he ſhall be no Scholar, Seals a General Releaſe, which with eaſe is gotten, before Accompts or any thing like it are paſt, or perhaps called for; From which time the treacherous Panther regains the Prize, keeps his ſtill Minor at due diſtance, takes upon himſelf the manage of his Profits, learns him the ſweet and tantalizing way of ſqueezing Wax; at all times to be his ſecurity, and pay the whole Debt himſelf: In this poor Creature's Aſhes the *Salamander* thrives and grows fat.

Man. I own, Sir, your Actions and Accompts were ever clear and candid.

Per. Now declare the Deſign, 'tis time to let him know it.

Tr. I will. Obſerve me then: A forged Letter ſent ſuppoſed from *Spalding*, informs old *Gripe* of a rich Tinn-Work cut in your Bounds adjoyning, and confirmed by another Letter given you as from your Captain; you may gueſs the influence on his wretched Thoughts; mean while the Squire lies under an Arreſt, and in that hurry you privately Eſpouſe *Clarinda*.

Man. Forgery and Cheating, and I an inſtrument! The very ſhadow of one ſingle Crime ſufficeth to procure a publick blame; whereas a thouſand Virtues are no more than neceſſary to acquire a general Approbation; all Men take notice of few Faults, but few enquire, or at leaſt take notice, if a Life be led by the Concatenation of all Moral Virtues.

Per.

Per. Good Moral Actions have naturally a right to Felicity, of which thoſe often fail, who through their own default and infidelity make their firſt rights unuſeful to themſelves, which plainly ſhews all actions purely performed for Virtuous Ends, be they particular or general, level and go directly towards Goodneſs, altho' a man dream not of its tendency to that end.

Man. But if theſe tend to Pleaſure, Profit, or Ambition, they are inordinate Paſſions and unlawful Objects, and are not able to imprint in moral Acts other than blind Injuſtice or Diſhoneſty; We are told, that we ought to ſpeak what is true, and do what is honeſt: Where's there room then for Diſſimulation?

Tr. Miſtake me not; I don't intend to Cheat him of his Gold.

Man. But of his Child you do.

Tr. As a Phyſitian cheats his Fevoriſh Patient of his Blood; I'll put a Bliſter on, ſhall drein out all his Covetous Humour; I'll make a Knave an honeſt Man. That's as much as an Act of Parliament can do.

Man. Sir, you ſurpriſe, ſtagger me, on each hand I perceive a Precipice; on one ſide I'm undone.

Tr. To undo ones ſelf on one ſide, is no leſs than to be undone on both.

Man. Can you perſuade *Clarinda?*

Tr. That's already done.

Man. Proceed!— *Try if you can our Fate retrieve;*
What we deſire, we eaſily believe.

The End of the Second Act.

ACT

ACT III.

SCENE I. *A Field.*

Enter Shuffle *like a Tinner, with four Bayliffs.*

Shuffle. COme Boys, along, along, the day begins to appear; 'tis time to be boulting out of our lurking holes.

1 *Bayl.* A rea, rea, Maſter, What would you have done? Don't you think we know our own time? I have ſerved two ſeven years to the Trade, and am not now to learn, that to do our buſineſs in the night is the way to be taken for Houſe-breakers.

2 *Bayl.* For you know Maſter, if we diſturb Men in bed with their Wives, they'll ſwear againſt us out of revenge.

3 *Bayl.* Every body hates men of our Profeſſion; therefore, good ſweet loving *Sofe*, let us take ſpecial care what we do, for as ſure's I am here they will do us a miſchief if it lies in their way, for the publick good, as they call it, tho' they get nothing by it themſelves.

4 *Bayl.* Shure and Shure, and ſo they will; 'tis a dangerous world, people don't care what they ſwear.

1 *Bayl.* The Juſtices of the Peace don't care to meddle with you Lawyers; you all joyn to help a diſtreſſed Brother out of the Mire.

2 *Bayl.* For every one reckons it poſſible to be his Lot next.

3 *Bayl.* But Juſtices and other Gentlemen are weary of proſecuting them, becauſe they have little redreſs or encouragement when it comes to the Teſt.

4 *Bayl.* Shure enough; They'll be ſhure to be cheated, and all the blame lie on our backs; therefore good ſweet loving *Sofe*, let's take ſpecial care what we do.

Shuffle. Impudent Raſcals! Who taught you to prate thus? Whom do you get your Bread by? When you ignorantly run beyond your Warrants, Who brings you off with flying Colours? How many times have you been catched thieving, plundering, beating, wounding, and ſometimes murthering poor harmleſs People? Yet, when the worſt hath happened, we have joyned forces to make it out that what you did was in execution of your Office, juſtly in your own defence; and at laſt have Bribed the Petty Jury perhaps to acquit you.

1 *Bayl.* But who puts us upon it? Anſwer me that Queſtion: We bear all the Backbitings, Curſes, Diſgraces, Impriſonments, Indictments upon Indictments, Bound over from Seſſions to Seſſions, from Aſſize to Aſſize, popt forth, and back here and there and every where; ſometimes to Priſon, ſometimes to the common Gaol, ſtand Arraigned, and ſometimes in danger of our lives; and becauſe you put your helping hands to get us off, we are beholding to you; You run away with the Purchaſe and the Profit, leave us poor honeſt Creatures the blame, the pain, the hazard and the diſgrace; you expect to be thanked and truckled to, as you had done wonders; very pretty indeed!

Shuffle. Peace, you ſawcy Dog, or I'll diſcard thee inſtantly.

1 *Bayl.* Do; and I'll tell how many Writs thou haſt made in an Alehouſe, or in thine own Chamber; and how many thou haſt cauſed to be Arreſted without any Writ: Four honeſt Men for *Capias*, *Declarations*, &c. which-many times coſt thee not one peny, Twenty Shillings a Man. If it be not taken off the firſt Term, Signing, Judgment entering upon the Roll, and other Items; tho' nothing done, Five Pounds a Man; if a Bail, Bond, and Execution — Tho' the Coroner never Signed the Warrant, Twenty Pounds a Man, if——

Shuffle. Hold, hold, *Starter*, no more if's, Prithee.

1 *Bayl.* You know very well I can remember the particulars, and a great many others; you have brought ſuch Fame upon the Law, that for the generality, as they had rather Die than uſe the ſecond means from the Phyſitian; ſo they'll rather run the hazard of loſing their Money, than venture the Charge of recovering it, for fear the Remedy prove worſe than the Diſeaſe.

Shuffle. Come, no more, let's be Friends—— I'll ſtep and ſee if the Door be open——— Here, *Starter*, take the Warrant, but ſtay till I return. [*Exit.*

2 *Bayl.* Thou wert very cloſe with him *Jeoffry*, I would not have ſaid ſo much to 'un for a Hundred good pounds.

3 *Bayl.* Nor I neither.

1 *Bayl.* Becauſe like a parcel of Spaniels you love to be under —— but to our buſineſs.

2 *Bayl.* Ay, by all means let's mind that.

1 *Bayl.* Firſt then this is a common Original Proceſs.

4 *Bayl.* Good ſweet now, out of which a Court comes thick a Writ? I never heard on before.

1 *Bayl.* You Blunderheads, 'tis only a bare Arreſt.

4 *Bayl.* That's well a fine.

1 *Bayl. Cornub ſſ.* Hum—— Hum—— *Jeoffry Starter.* Here I am in mine own proper Perſon; *Vous avis*, Mr. *Starter*. *Alexander Squeez.*

2 *Bayl.* Here.

1 *Bayl. Vous avis*; *Rowland Spunge.*

3. *Bayl.* Here.

1. *Bayl. Vous avis*; *Timothy Thoroughſtich.*

1 *Bayl. Vous avis vertute brevis Domini Regis* —— Hu. Hu. *Mando quod capiatis Anthium Swaſh Ar.* Hu. hu. [*Hums to himſelf*] —— *Its quod habeam corpus ejus coram Juſtic' dicti Domini Regis apud Weſtm', a die Paſchæ in quindecim dies* —— *ad reſpondend Patricio Gredio Mil' de placito debit. ſuper demand' Mille librax* —— *Et hoc, &c. Dat. Sub Sigillo Officii mei, &c.* very well.

2 *Bayl.* That's more than we know, read loud in Engliſh that we may underſtand it.

1 *Bayl.* I read it as it is; 'Twill puzzle ſome Attornies to read in true Engliſh.

Enter Shuffle.

Shuffle. Away Boys, the Door's open, the old Fox is generally the firſt that moves, ſtay all in the Entry between the Doors till I give you the Sign, for you muſt croſs the Room where we ſhall be diſcourſing.

1 *Bayl.* As ſoon as you have turned his Back towards the Door, give the Hint, we know our parts; away before, we follow. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *Gripe*'s Houſe.

Enter Shuffle *ſpeaking.*

Shuffle. Wait there for the Sign—— Now for Impudence and a good Memory, that I be not found in a Lye.

Enter Gripe.

He comes—— Pray, Sir, are you Mr. *Gripe* the rich Merchant?

Gr. What would you Friend?—— My name is *Gripe.*

Shuffle. I have a Letter for you requires haſte. [*Delivers a Letter.*

Gr. 'Tis *Spalding*'s Hand.

Shuffle. It works, his colour comes and goes—— Hiſt! Hiſt! [*The Sign given, the four Bayliffs croſs the Stage.*

Gr. You come from *Stephen Spalding.*

Shuffle. I did ſo; and for better diſpatch, I have travelled all this night on my bare Feet, I am all over like toaſted Cheeſe.

Gr. But you needed not to have made ſo much haſte, Bad News flies faſt enough of it ſelf.

Shuffle. Captain *Spalding* told me it requir'd extraordinary ſpeed, and would not ſuffer me to ſtay ſo long as to put on my beſt Clathers.

Gr. He always was a truſty Servant—— But is the Work ſo poor as he Writes?

Shuffle. I know not what he Writes, but I'm certain he'll be forced to ſtrike it in the Head with ſpeed.

Gr. So he Writes me—— What ſtore of work have you at Hill? and what at Mill?

Shuffle. What can I tell— Who thought of this damn'd Queſtion? [*Aſide.*

Gr. He Writ me lately he had a great quantity at each place.

Shuf. There is ſo; but we are forc'd to put moſt of our men to *Spalding*, and to *Buddles*.

Gr. What ſtore of Tails, Caſualties, and Afterwaſhes have ye?

Shuf. Heap enough, but how 'twill yield as yet I know not; we imploy all the *Stamps* and *Buddles* about the Head-Tinn, we ſhall have time enough to work the leavings.

Gr. How do you proceed at the *Blowing-houſe?*

Shuf. A Plague of theſe Queſtions. [*Aſide.*] We have Tinn there, Sir, and good, as much as it is, tho' it don't yield as well as formerly.

Gr. Ha! your Reaſon for that.

Shuffle. I ſuppoſe when things begin to decay they are not ſo full of Mettle: I have no other Reaſon, Sir.

Gripe. 'Tis a ſad Truth, I know it by woful experience—— How far diſtant is this rich Mine from ours? can't you ſink a Shaft on the edge of our Bounds, and drive under them? I'd venture my life to have a ſhare in it: May not their Load incline towards us? It does not run North and South? Mine lies due Weſt as I take it?

Shuf. Exactly, Sir, North and South; I went down into their Work, meaſured with the Compaſs, and the Load runs exactly with the Ely.

Gr. And ſo wondrous rich!

Shuf. They ſuffered me to break a Stone my ſelf, of part I made a *Van*, and 'twas all perfect Tinn-- I think I have a piece in my Pocket— [*Gives a Stone.* If he know it, I'm undone, *Sharper* ſtole it out of his Parlour Window. [*Aſide.*

Gr. Never ſtir! 'tis very like mine.

Shuf. But richer: One of the Eaſtern Tryers whiſpered me, that all the *dizzo* was excellent Copper, and that he would give a 1000*l.* for what is in ſight.

Gr. Bleſs me! and ours worth nothing?

Shuf. Not one Dram of Mettle left in all your bottoms.

Gr. Undone, undone! inevitably ruined!—— I ſhall want Bread.

Shuf. Content your ſelf, you have enough, and ſuppoſing the worſt, you may buy up as much Black-Tinn as you pleaſe, and that commonly turns to a good Accompt at the Coinage.

Gr. Twenty *per Cent.* for 3 Months; A Man can't live by it.

Shuf. Captain *Spalding* ſent me Expreſs, that you might endeavour to get a Dole, or Set, before Mr. *Manley*'s intelligence comes from Captain *Buddle*.

Gr. Which ſhall be done (if poſſible) — Who comes here—— [*Enter* Starter *pulling* Sharp.] What rudeneſs is this in my Houſe.

1 *Bayl.* Rudeneſs, I come with a *Poſſe Comitatis* in my Pocket.

Gr. Who do you look for?

1 *Bayl.* One Squire *Swaſh*; I have a Priviledge Warrant again him.

Gr. Then you are miſtaken, this is one Mr. *Sharper*—— Now will I take this opportunity to Caſhier *Swaſh*, and Marry her to *Manley* at laſt;

He is a very honeſt Gentleman, that's the truth on't, and I think it is a juſt Judgment for deſigning to cheat him of her; but I'll amend all.

Enter Squeeze, Spunge, *and* Thorowſtitch, *pulling in* Swaſh.

3 *Bail.* Along with him, roage him along, he ſhall to priſon immediately,

1 *Bail.* Be more merciful to him, he will anſwer the Law quietly, Squire I will be your Guard.

Swa. 'Tis a very hard Law if it give you Liberty to tear the Fleſh from the Bones.

Shar. Pray Gentlemen let us diſcourſe the matter fairly, At whoſe ſuit do you Arreſt my Maſter.

3 *Bai.* Sir *Patrick Greedy*, 'tis an Action of *Scandalum Magnatum* for a Thouſand Pound Debt.

4 *Bai.* And there's a *Mandamus*, a *Capias*, and *Habeas Corpus* in the Warrant, and Law enough to carry him to the other end of the *King's Bench-Rules*.

Swa. Indeed, Gentlemen, I don't owe that Knight one Farthing.

1 *Bai.* Then it will be the better for you, Sir, —— You may try it, and the Jury may acquit you, ſo you have your remedy; but as the caſe ſtands, you muſt give us good Bail in 2000 *l.* as the Law requires, or go to Priſon. I am heartily ſorry for your condition, and wiſh it lay in my power to do you any ſervice, but the Law is ſuch we can't help it.

Shar. We'll give you Bail as the Law requires, this day he is to Marry Mr. *Gripe*'s Daughter, I ſuppoſe the Father and Son will be his Bail.

1 *Ba.* We'l take 'em.

Gr. Pray, Mr. *Sharper*, mind your own buſineſs, and trouble not your head about other People, I nor my Son don't intend to be Ingaged for any Man; we that take Bonds don't uſe to enter into them—a timely diſcovery, I had been finely chous'd had he Married my Daughter. [*Aſide.*

Swa. Pray, Gentlemen, let me go, within a little time I ſhall be going to Church to be Married, let me have one night's Lodging, to morrow I'll ſurrender my ſelf; 'twould make a man mad to loſe all between the Cup and the Lip.

Gr. Trouble not your ſelf for that, Sir, —— I ſhall provide another Husband for my Daughter, my Money ſhall never go to pay Debts.

1 *Bai.* Away with him, What ſtand we here for? If you have any Gentleman to ſend for, we'l' ſtay a-while at *Nich Froths*; 'tis pity ſuch a fine Gentleman ſhould be in trouble, but 'tis no fault of ours.

Swa. Carry me where you will, I am careleſs how the world goes, —— *Sharper*, Why doſt weep?

Sharper. To ſee ſo good a Maſter ſo inhumanly uſed, 'twill break my heart to ſee you in Priſon; never had good Gentleman ſuch bad fortune. [*Sharper weeps.*

Swa. Prithe don't weep, thou makes me melancholy to ſee thee —— poor fellow! he loves me dearly. [*Aſide.*

Shar. I'll never leave you whilſt I have Life or Limb. [*Exit with* Swaſh *and Bailiffs.*

Shuff. Have you any ſervice to command me to Captain *Spalding?*

Gr. Theſe accidents have ſo diſordered me, I know not what to reſolve on —— ſtep in and call my Daughter hither —— but here ſhe comes with her Brother.

Enter Peregrine *and* Clarinda *dreſſed like a Bride.*

Thou art early trimm'd for Wedlock my *Clarinda*; how Gay! a Match is no ſooner agreed on, and the Wedding appointed, but the Woman is ſo taken up with the thoughts of the time to come, that ſhe never reſteth till her fancy be fulfill'd.

Cla. My Father talking thus to himſelf! I doubt he is not well.

Gr. I vow I am very wantonly inclin'd this morning, and feel a tickling in my Veins like a Boy of Twenty, —— Hey! ſound and hearty yet! oh! for a ſprightly Young Girl to comfort my Old Spirits, I would give her a broad ſide, and launch into the deep —— Ha! (never ſtir)! that word hath put me in mind of my Tinnwork again, now on a ſudden am I become as cold and as dull as a Bridegroom after the firſt week, —— therefore *exit* Love, and *enter* Buſineſs. —— You Fellow withdraw, I would have ſome private Conference with my Son and Daughter. [*Exit* Shuff.

Per. Are you not well, dear Father? You ſeem much diſcompoſed.

Gr. So would'ſt thou, had'ſt thou a Daughter to diſpoſe of; ſhe muſt be Married —— and ſhe muſt not be Married —— ſhe ſhall be Married, and ſhe ſhall not be Married —— I don't know what to do with her.

Per. So unſettl'd and unreſolv'd, you would make me think you were in a frenzy.

Gr. Yes, fellows of your Age always think their Fathers Mad till they are Buried.

Per. Pray, Sir, let me know the diſquiets of your mind.

Gr. Wilt thou aſſiſt me?

Per. Sir, to the hazard of my Life, I will.

Gr. I know not how to beſtow thy Siſter.

Per. Is ſhe not this day to be Married to the Squire *Swash?* You told her ſo laſt evening.

Cla. My Paſſion, Sir, ſubmitting to my Duty, I am all Obedience to your poſitive Commands.

Gr. Good! if a man promiſe theſe wanton Rogues a Husband, they'll be ſure to call him to an account for a ſtrict performance —— [*Aſide*]. *Manley*, at laſt, muſt Marry thee, *Clarinda*.

Cla. Then you abuſe the Noble Squire.

Gr. She pleads for him —— I was to blame to raiſe her expectation; if they have ſealed the Bargain by an Ante nuptial Fornication, I have finely ſtudied the Politicks, —— [*Aſide*]. —— *Swash* is carried away to Priſon by Four Bailiffs, therefore he muſt not Marry thee.

Cla. I am ſorry for that, Sir.

Gr. What makes thee ſorry, ha?

Cla.

Cla. My Charity.

Gr. Charity! 'tis thy folly, by ſome called good nature, which brings folks to Beggery; no, thou ne'er ſhalt Marry that Fop as long as I live.

Cla. Sir, I heartily thank your Promiſe, and here I make a ſolemn Vow, I never will be his Wife.

Gr. Clarinda, you muſt now renew all your Charms, and ſtrive by Words and Actions to reclaim *Manley*: Your attractive faculty hath force enough to reduce him.

Cla. With ſcorns and ſlights he hath been ſo provoked, I doubt the task will prove too difficult for my weak power.

Per. Love abuſed turns to hatred, *Clarinda* muſt walk warily.

Gr. Let her alone; diſſimulation, eſpecially in love-affairs, is a vertue inherent to that Sex; I know his Temper, give him a fair opportunity, and my life he takes it; therefore omit no artifice that may reclaim him; I would not for the world loſe this happy Match; I am now ſo far from being jealous of thee, that I heartily wiſh you were a Bed together.

Per. And that may be before you are aware. [*Aſide.*

Gr. Oh, my dear *Clarinda!* little think'ſt thou what pains, what fears, what doubts, what jealouſies, we careful Parents labour under, to beſtow our Children well, —— may thy deſigns and undertakings proſper.

Cla. Pray Heaven it end ſo well! [*Aſide.*

Enter Truſty, Manley, Eugenia, Freeman, *as to the Wedding.*

Gr. My Friends and Neighbours, a hearty welcome to you all.

Man. We thank you, Sir. —— Madam, a good day.

Cla. The ſame attend you, Sir.

Gr. Well ſaid, *Clarinda*, thou art my own Fleſh and Blood, —— how they ſtare and gaze! —— ay, ay, 'tis ſo, their hearts are renewing acquaintance.

Man. The Bride's prepared for Marriage, Where is the Bridegroom?

Cla. Not far, ſince you are here.

Gr. That's my Jewel, —— that was a bold ſtroke, and home to the purpoſe, I wonder the phlegmatick Dog doth not leap at the bait; time was when I would have made better uſe of ſuch an opportunity; I fear he has heard the news, and ſo draws off.

Enter Shuffle *like a Poſt.*

Shuff. By your leave Gentlemen, Is one Mr. *Manley* here?

Man. My Name is *Manley.*

Shuff. I have a Letter for you. [*Delivers a Letter.*

Man, 'Tis *Budele*'s hand. [*Opens and Reads.*

Gr. It is his intelligence; this is the beginning of my ruin; I have not yet made my Bargain, and now my Daughter will be left upon my hands. [*Aſide.*

Man.

Man. This for the Poſtage —— bring confirmation, I aſk no more of Fortune, ——— Sir, Will you ſee it? [*Gives Money. Gives the Letter to* Truſty.

Tr. Beyond imagination! a rich Load cut but Two days ſince, and yeſterday a hundred load at Graſs! I never heard the like ſucceſs.

Gr. The poor Labourers kill themſelves. Oh, pity, pity! [*Aſide.*

Per. Good news from your Tinn-work, Sir, I joy in the ſucceſs.

Man. I thank you, Sir, ——— but your Father hath ill fortune, for which I am ſorry.

Sbuff. I'll in and uncaſe for fear of a diſcovery — [*Aſide.*] — [*Exit.*

Gr. I can no longer hear this diſcourſe; here is no Wedding to day, nor like to be with Squire *Swaſh*, which may prove to the advantage of ſome one preſent, if he pleaſe to underſtand it. *Clarinda* make your Friends welcome, I'll in and cool my ſelf, and then diſpatch my Letters. [*Exit.*

Cla. You ſee my Father begins to be reconciled. [*Smiling.*

Man. I'll after, and invite him to the wedding.

Tr. You then deſtroy your Siſter's Match; 'tis dangerous medling with a Lion till he be ſecurely chained: You match to day, they ſtay but one day longer; out of a vehement deſire of revenge he ſhall deveſt himſelf of all to *Peregrine.*

Per. and my fidelity to the fair *Eugenia* need not be miſtruſted.

Eug. Young Men are ever conſtant till they have a fairer purchaſe, or a better opportunity.

Enter Parſon.

Tr. Away, you loſe time, the *Parſon* is ready to ſay Grace, —— Mr. *Freeman*, I muſt deſire your Company at *Nich Froths* immediately after Dinner, you may be ſerviceable to my Nephew.

Free. I ſhall not fail, mean while I muſt to my Captain *Buſy.*

Man. Come, *Parſon*, are you ready?

Par. The Canonical Hour is paſs'd, you muſt ſtay till to morrow.

Man. I underſtand you. [*Gives him Money; the Parſon looks on and fingers his Watch.*

Par. Hum! indeed I was miſtaken, —— a Quarter paſt Eleven; I'll do your buſineſs immediately in the next room.

Man. And may we conſtant each to other prove,
As now Uniting by the power of Love.

[*Exeunt.*

The End of the Third Act.

ACT

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Curtain drawn, diſcovers Swaſh *and* Sharper *at Cribbidge; four Bailiffs and* Nich. Froth *ſitting by Smoaking and Drinking. News Papers on the Table.*

Froth. COme Boys; we ſquander the time; the Squire's Health. Ten Pound on your Worſhip's Game. [*Drinks.*

Swa. Two for Noddy; that's well. [*Turns and puts up*

1 *Bail.* That turn made your Game. Three to One of the Squire's Game.

2 *Bail.* Lawk ye! Will you ſo? The Squire hath three Shows for twelve Holes: Mr. *Sharper* muſt carry Fifteen this time, or he's gone.

Shar. As I am a living Man I am but Eight. [*Puts up.*

Swa. I am Six; play away: I have but Six more to go. [*Puts up.*

Shar. I play the Ten of Diamonds. [*Plays.*

Swa. Now muſt he have a Knave and a Five in his Hand: If I play my Nine, he'll take Second's: I'll venture: Twenty and a Pair. [*Puts up.*

Shar. To put it out of diſpute, there's a Pair-Royal, and the ſingle Game. Seven for that. I am out, Sir. [*Puts up.*

Swa. The Devil take the Cards: Who wou'd ha' thought 'em all out! I had two Tens and a Nine; that was my Six.

Shar. Two Tens and a Five, and a Knave turn'd, made me Eight. Will you play again, Sir?

Swa. Fortune is againſt me to day.—— Give me a Glaſs of Ale.

Fro. And the beſt in the Country. Here's a Tankard of Bottled-Ale out of the Cask.

Swa. Thy meaning?

Fro. Thus, Sir: Firſt, I Brew mine Ale; then I Wort mine Ale; then I Tun mine Ale; when it is fine, I Bottle mine Ale, cloſely ſtopp'd; after a Fornight, I take Bottle after Bottle, and pour it into a fine clean Cask, leaving the Sedement in every Bottle. This fine Drink I keep for Gentlemen of Quality, and my beſt Cuſtomers.

4 *Bail.* He'll make 'em believe the Moon's made of Green Cheeſe.

Fro. If ordinary Fellows will have it, they pay me Six pence the Quart, Gentlemen Four pence. Let who will be for Gain, I ſtand on the Credit and Reputation of my Houſe: I have Six Hogſheads of this fine Liquor in my Cellar.

Swa. Give me a Glaſs: It looks and taſtes like Small Beer. [*Drinks.*

Fro. Would you have it like the ſedementary Ale, thick, heavy, fulſom, phlegmatick, naſty ſtuff, fit only for Hedgers and Threſhers? This my Chimical Preparation is healthy and ſound for the Body, the Quinteſſence of Rarefaction.

1 *Bail.* But, Landlord, (*takes him aſide*) what Methods do you intend in managing the Reckoning? We will ſwear for thee.

Fro. Is he well lin'd?

1 *Bail.* No doubt on't.

Fro. Then, as my Friends, I'll truſt you with my Secrets: In the beginning, when Gentlemen are cool, I always reckon 5 for 4; if catch'd, I and my Wife fall to ſcolding; with a ſubmiſſive Apology I crave pardon for the Diſturbance, and acknowledge the Miſtake: The Gentlemen are appeas'd, I call for my Quart, drink their Healths, ſwear there was never ſuch an Accident in my Houſe before, and that I'll watch my Maid's Water for the future.

1 *Bail.* You ſtill hold to the proportion of 5 for 4?

Fro. No; as they inflame their Noddles, I the Reckonings; 4 for 3, 3 for 2, and at laſt 2 for 1; but I never go beyond, unleſs they have been entred in my Wife's Book; and then 3 for 1 is very reaſonable.

1 *Bail.* Suppoſe ſuch a Trick ſhould be diſcover'd?

Fro. When all are drunk, there can be no Miſtake; or if ſuch a Diſcovery were poſſible, I was drunk; and paying my Forfeiture next Morning, it paſſeth current again. Theſe Doctrines I learnt when I was a Drawer up in the City: I intended to put up a Tavern here in the Country; but finding the Wine-Drinkers crowding to *London*; and the others not able to go to the Coſt, I ſet up an honeſt Ale-houſe, as you ſee.

1 *Bail.* I did not think there had been ſo much Art.

Fro. Our Profeſſion is a meer Myſtery; but above all we need underſtand Arithmetick well; for Subſtraction and Diviſion are as requiſite in the Meaſures, as Addition and Multiplication in the Reckonings; and all compacted together, teach you the Golden Rule.—— So, *purge Mentiri*, let every one follow his own Trade. [*Exit.*

[*All this while* Swaſh *and* Sharper *at Cards.*

Enter Truſty *and* Freeman *at each Door.*

Truſt. Having Marry'd my lovely Pair, and divided 'em till Night with further Inſtructions, now for my Woodcock in his Trap.—— *Freeman!* well met.— How now, Squire! here ſo late on your Wedding-Day? I expected to have ſeen you at, *I Anthony take thee* Clarinda, long e're this.

Swa. But Poor *Tony*'s Policy is quite out of doors; to be ſnatch'd away in the Flower of my Youth, in the height of mine Appetite, a delicate fine Diſh prepar'd and ſet before me, and not ſuffer'd to take one Taſte, is a damn'd, curſed Misfortune.

Truſt. You have but raskally Company about you, Sir: What mean theſe Catchpoles?

Swa. Oh, Mr. *Truſty*, the ſaddeſt Story ever was heard! As I was going to be Marry'd, I was Marr'd to all intents and purpoſes; the Devil, in the ſhape of Four of his Children, laid violent hands on me, and brought me here in a Surprize!

Shar. On a meer Fob-Action; 'tis a damn'd Cheat; he doth not owe a Penny to any Man alive: Wou'd he were hang'd that invented ſuch a

piece

piece of Roguery againſt ſuch a good Gentleman! O damn'd Villains! [*Weeps.*

Swa. Thou art ſo moody hearted, thou makeſt me weep for Company —— I believe never was a Man more happy in a Servant.

Shar. To loſe ſo Sweet! ſo Young! ſo Beautiful a Miſtreſs! ——

Swa. And honeſt Trey and Cater thy Fellow-Servants. ——

Truſt. This looks very ſuſpicious, Gentlemen, have you good Law for what you do?

1 *Bail.* Yes, you may ſee if you pleaſe.

Truſt. It grieves me to the heart to ſee a Gentleman abus'd. I'll be his Bail.

Freem. And I, if the Bailiff will take us.

1 *Bail.* We will; we are not ſcrupulous.

Freem. I know the Old Gentleman will indemnifie me. —— The Noble Squire ſhan't to Priſon on ſuch a Fob-Action. [*Hugs him.*

Shar. I vow, Gentlemen, this is a great Kindneſs you do my Maſter.

Swa. Is it? It is; in trouble and thrall, Man; I ſhall never never make 'em ſatisfaction while I live. [*Exit.*

Enter Shuffle.

Truſt. No more words; in, in, that we may diſcharge you: I'll ſtay but one minute. — *Freeman*, put the Glaſs merrily round; I'll bring a ſudden Reprieve. [*Exeunt all but* Truſty *and* Shuffle. Now, my dear *Shuffle*, how go matters now?

Shuff. Ill enough; all the Deſign is fruſtrated: *Spalding* is return'd, and denies the whole matter; the old Gripe rants like a Mad-man; hath ſent an Expreſs to Sir *Patrick Greedy*, to know if he will own the Action; ſwears 'tis all your work to cheat him of his Child.

Truſt. Let the procraſtinating Fop vex and torment himſelf to death; ſpight of his Care I'll cheat him of both his Children, his Eſtate and Money too.

Shuff. *Peregrine* turns tail, hath ingratiated himſelf, and his Father will ſettle all upon him; which the old Man hath granted, and hath given Orders to have the Deeds drawn: He vows *Clarinda* ſhall not have one Groat, unleſs ſhe marry *Swaſh* to morrow morning.

Truſt. This ſucceeds as I would wiſh. — Who draws the Deed?

Shuff. *Peregrine* deſired me; but I would not promiſe, without your Conſent.

Truſt. We muſt truſt him — (*Aſide.*) be ſure you tie him faſt, and you muſt haſten it.

Shuff. I'll fetter him; not all the Power of Law ſhall e'er releaſe him; I'll bribe *Cunningame* the Attorney to be of our ſide; he is his Idol; what he ſays goes down with him without ſuſpicion. Have you any other Service to command me? I was told Mr. *Freeman* hath Buſineſs with me.

Truſt. He's in the next Room; I'll ſend him out immediately. [*Exit.*

Shuff. Mr. *Freeman*'s Buſineſs I gueſs is of another nature; ſome Wench with Child to be provided for; ſo that I muſt be Pimp-Broker: This is ſomewhat ſcandalous to the Profeſſion; but there is Money to be got; ſo that's anſwer'd.

Enter Freeman.

Free. Shuffle, I have a little Secret to impart to thee, wherein I want thy Aſſiſtance: Thou ſhalt be well paid, I promiſe thee.

Shuff. And that you know is the Life of all Trades: You are no Stranger, I have had much of your Money; whate'er it be I'll do it, and truſt your Generoſity. Come, declare; ſome common Fleſh hath been ſo long blown upon, that living Creatures begin to move.

Freem. Even ſo; ſhe at *Nich. Froth*'s, that goes under the Character of a Relation.

Shuff. She hath been your Hackney long enough; 'tis time to procure a Chapman, and march her off.

Freem. Such a one I have: Captain *Buſy*, thou ſhalt appear before her as her Steward, whilſt I, under the ſame Title of a Relation, bring him to over-hear you paſs your Accompts.

Shuff. Good: Being already train'd to his hand, ſhe'll the ſooner underſtand his Exerciſe.

Freem. I have ſome Bags of Nails ſhall lie before you on the Table, with Money in their mouths. Diſguiſe thy ſelf: I'll leave the reſt to thee.

Shuff. And no longer *Shuffle*, but Mr. *Abraham Rentall*, Madam *Freeman*'s Steward, with ſome old Bonds and Deeds, will meet you an Hour hence at this place; I ſuppoſe ſhe's ſufficiently inſtructed.

Freem. Yes; all things ſhall be ready.

Shuff. I queſtion not your care; and I'll perform my part, with aſſured ſucceſs and expedition.

To hide the Shame, and get Eſtate for Life,
My pregnant Miſs muſt be a Captains's Wife. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Froth, *running*.

Froth. Mr. *Freeman*, a word with you.

He is gone to the Company: I thought to have had him ſpeak one word of Reconcilement for me to my Wife; he can work what he pleaſes upon her. When I firſt ſet up here in the Country, I Marry'd a handſom Girl, who according to expectation, proved a compleat, tempting, hypocritical Jilt; I the neceſſary Perquiſite, a good-natur'd Landlord, otherwiſe call'd a ſponging, inſinuating, contented Cuckold. We are both Cheats; ſo far 'tis right and well. According to the Quality of my Function, my Wife takes all upon her. Any Man would think ſuch Dealings would ſatisfie her; but I vow ſhe's grown very obſtreperous and ungrateful; for

even

even now going to the Barr to ſee how the Reckoning ſtood, I met our Servant-Maid; the Spirit being willing, the Fleſh and the Devil prevailing, I was very loving; the poor innocent Creature bluſhing, cry'd, *Nay, piſh!* —— *Nay, fye!* —— *Miſtreſs is coming* —— *I'll vow I'll cry out!* yet all the while kiſs'd as cloſe as any Cockle: In the nick of time comes the Devil of a Wife, and diſturb'd us: My little Magpye ſqueak'd, and thruſt me from her, but whiſper'd I ſhould meet her in the Summer-Houſe at Nine this Evening; which certainly I'll do, for all your Frumps, Mrs *Sus.* —Ay, there ſhe is coming; I muſt march, or woe to my Bones!

Enter Sus. *with a Cudgel.*

Anon, Sir; by and by; a coming, Sir. [*As he is going, ſhe takes him by the Arm.*

Sus. Why in ſuch haſte? there's no body calls.

Fro. Indeed, Wife, I thought the Gentlemen had knock'd.

Sus. You are very nimble with your Attendance; you were not ſo an Hour ſince: The Gentlemen knock'd and call'd, and no Landlord to be found, till uncivilly I was forc'd to riſe from my Cuſhion, and leave their Company to fetch Liquor.

Fro. What will become of me! —— Indeed, Wife, I did not hear 'em; upon my Word I did not.

Sus. No, you were otherwiſe employ'd with your Servant-Maid; you were ſo.

Fro. I was only teaching her her Buſineſs, how to caſt up the Reckoning.

Sus. You were teaching her to be a Strumpet —— There was hugging and kiſſing, and other things in hand, had not I timely prevented.

Fro. I whiſper'd her, that if ſhe knew the Gentlemen to be Cuſtomers to you, ſhe muſt reckon three for one.

Sus. Conſider, Sirrah, who I am, and whence I came; my Father, a good Farmer, bred me the next Degree to a Gentlewoman, elſe I could ne'er ha' made ſo good a Landlady: 'Tis for the love of me there's ſuch reſort; 'tis I who keep the Door open, Sirrah! How oft have I been forc'd to watch whole Nights to give my Gueſts content and ſatisfaction, and all to make thee rich; whilſt thou keepeſt Wenches Company, and cheateſt me of that Love is only due to me.

Fro. Pray, Madam, if I increaſe in Duty by deputation an hundred-fold, you are no loſer: How many times have I, with the Eye of Judgment, ſeen things which ſhall be nameleſs, touching my Freehold; yet putting on the Mask of charitable Unbelief, have quietly ſate down in the Chair of Contentment, and ſaid nothing?

Sus. Nay, ſince thou art grown ſo hardy to juſtifie thy own Actions, and to tax my courteous and civil Deportment to my Cuſtomers, I'll make thee know what 'tis to abuſe one that gives ſo creditable Entertainment. [*Beats him.*

Fro. How now, Wife! where is your Cheriſhing and Obedience?

Sus. Vaniſh'd with your Bodily Worſhip, Sirrah. [*Beats him.*

Fro.

Fro. Good, dear Wife, I'll do ſo no more.

Sus. Not till next time; once a Villain, and always ſo. [*Beats him.*

Fro. Here on my Knees, with lifted Hands, and unfeigned penitential Tears, I offer up my Vows to the Altar of Love and the Shrine of Matrimony. [*Kneels and prays.*

Sus. I'll ſacrifice thee to my Revenge.

Fro. Anon, anon, Sir; by and by; coming. [*Runs out.*

Sus. H'ath quite tir'd me; yet I have paid him ſufficiently: An impudent Beaſt, that can't ſhow natural Civility to his Wife, yet ſhould think to be modiſh! By threats I have made the Wench confeſs their Appointment; I'll meet him my ſelf, and try what may be done.

Enter Freeman.

Freem. What, my kind Landlady, and arm'd for Battel!

Sus. When Husbands break their Matrimonial Oaths of Allegiance and Supremacy, they deſerve ſevere Correction.

Freem. Lay no ſuch Fault on thine; he's as quiet and harmleſs Fellow as lives; I'll vouch for him.

Sus. Becauſe you are ſo ſweet, ſo civil, ſo good-natur'd, you think all others ſo: Were he a Perſon of your generous Spirit, I ſhould be the happieſt Woman living; but to be ſo us'd by that empty Thing, that meer Shadow of a Husband, (conceive me, Mr. *Freeman*) is unſufferable.

Freem. What is the matter? And why this Cudgel?

Sus. To chaſtiſe my Husband: I caught him about an Hour ſince (conceive me) debauching my Maid; but I have corrected him, and have another way to lay the Evil Spirit (conceive me, Mr. *Freeman*) if he be again poſſeſt.

Freem. You will prepare Things for *Margaret*, as you promis'd.

Sus. She and the Maids are ready dreſt, all Things prepar'd: Can I forget what my dear Mr. *Freeman* doth require me!

Freem. So, that's well.

Sus. Methinks I am always raviſh'd with your Company.

Freem. How! raviſh'd?

Sus. Charm'd! bewitch'd! —— I know not what to call it! Conceive me; but am never quiet but in your Company.

Freem. So; I have brought my ſelf into a fine Premunire! There's another within will weep, if ſhe han't all the fine Things. Fleſh and Blood can't hold; I am meerly metamorphis'd already; I muſt ſubmit to Self-denial, becauſe I can enjoy the Pleaſures of the World no longer. [*Aſide.*

Sus. I dreamt laſt night, that Mr. *Freeman* came to my Bed-ſide, hugg'd me, kiſt me, preſt me; ſo ſweet! ſo delicate! ſo pleaſing! (Conceive me, Mr. *Freeman.*)

Freem. A very comfortable Relation! [*Aſide.*

Sus. 'Tis an Age ſince I ſaw you laſt! I can tell you the prettieſt Story, —— In t'other Room 'tis warmer (conceive me, Mr. *Freeman*) [*Takes him by the hand, leading him out.*

Sus.

Freem. Or we ſhall make it ſo.—— Now for ſome Relief for the Forlorn Hope.

Enter Truſty *and* Swaſh, *and others.*

Swa. In private with Mr. *Freeman*! —— What think you of this Landlord?

Fro. I dare not tell you, Sir; I am deaf and blind; but I hope 'tis no Treaſon to think—— Tho ſhe be rude with me, other People can keep in with her: A time will come to revenge all theſe Evils.

Swa. Sharper, how goes the Day?

Shar. The Clock ſtruck Four, about half an Hour ago.

Swa. We'll to the Cock-pit; I'll Fight 'em preſently: My Cocks Fight as well by Candle as Day-light: You know the Wager, Three Battels for 300 Pound.

Truſt. And ſhake Bag-Law: We are ready to attend you.

Swa. What have we to pay, Landlord?

Fro. 'Tis my Wife's Element; I keep nothing from her.

Sus. Two Pounds Two Shillings and Two pence half-penny to a Farthing.

Swa. Here are two Guineas; I take no Change; but firſt a Song and Dance.

Truſt. Mr. *Freeman*, You will go with us?

Freem. You muſt excuſe me, Sir; I have ſomewhat of the like nature on my hands.

Truſt. Succeſs to both.

Swa. The Bailiffs are paid?

1 *Bail.* Yes, Noble Squire.

Swa. There's to drink my Health.

Sharper hath cunningly my Friends betray'd:
We'll get their Money firſt, and then the Maid. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Courtain drawn, diſcovers Margaret *ſitting at a Table; two Waiting-Maids behind the Chair; Bags, Deeds, and Bonds on the Table;* Shuffle *at the other end with Pen, Ink, and Paper.*

Enter Freeman, Buſy *ſtanding at the entrance of the Stage.*

Freem. A lucky Minute, her Steward is paſſing his Accompts; let's wait and overhear 'em.

Buſy. Great and mighty Bags! She muſt be wondrous rich, if all that be Intereſt.

Freem. And Rents: She hath a great Eſtate, as well as Money.

Buſy.

Buſy. A Portly Lady, and a great Beauty.

Shuff. *Item*, Your Barton and Mannor of *Coorrowda*, in the County of *Carmarthan*, given your Ladyſhip by the laſt Will and Teſtament of Sir *Frederick Harding* Knight, Citizen and Merchant of *London*, your Honours Grand-father, Rents *per Annum* 200 *l.* received 150 *l.* remains in Arrears 50 *l.*

Buſy. By ſtealing of Cuſtom, and a falſe Oath at the Cuſtom-Houſe, after the end of every Voyage, and if his Wife were right (as we ſay) ten to one but ſome Court-Blood runs in her Veins.

Freem. What mean you, Captain?

Buſy. From the borrowing Lord there lies an Obligation to the Creditors Wife, ſhe is Complemented with the Intereſt to buy Pins, and then ſhe hath the opportunity to ſhew her Civility, when his Lordſhip is pleaſed to honour her with the particular marks of his Favour.

Shuff. *Item*, Your Mannor and Barton of in the County of the Gift of your Brother-in-Law, Doctor *Burning*, a Civilian, Rent *per Annum* 80 *l.* Receiv'd 60 *l.* Reſts 20 *l.*

Buſy. The Common Lawyers devour the Body and Eſtate, the Spiritual Court the Soul: Tho' the Locuſts grow faſt, but few of them proſper in the Third or Fourth Generation.

Freem. At this rate Captain, you'll abuſe the whole Nation.

Buſy. Who can forbear to make Remarks upon ſuch a *Gallimawfry* Family?

Shuff. Here is a Bond of 1000 *l.* Principal, due to your Honour from the Executors of *Arthur Hadland* Eſq; Deceaſed.

Marg. Take care the Security be good.

Shuff. 'Tis very good indeed Madam, and the Intereſt well paid.

Buſy. I was Acquainted with that Gentleman, a Juſtice of Peace, but had no more Law than his Clerk infuſed.

Shuff. So much Madam for your *Welſh* Mannors, and Bartons Rents *per Annum* of the whole 1500 *l.* in theſe two Bags 1000 *l.* remains in Arrear in the Tenants hands 500 *l.*

Marg. See it be well Secured.

Shuff. They would have paid in the whole, if I would have received Guineas for 23. but were loath to part with 'em for leſs. Of your Plantations in *America*, I expect an account every Ship, and a Bill of the Free-income from the Correſpondents.

Marg. The yearly value?

Shuff. *Communibus Annis* 600 *l.* Received for Intereſt of 4000 *l.* at 6 *per Cent.* 240 *l.* in that Bag, the Intereſt for 2000 *l.* in the Debtors hand.

Marg. See it ſuddenly paid, or call in the principal, and ſee the whole be well ſecured.

Buſy. I can no longer forbear, pritbee Lieutenant break in upon her out guards, if I can ſtorm her Trenches, I'll raiſe a Battery, and force my Entrance, or Bomb her till I make her ſurrender Bag and Baggage.

Freem.

Free. Fear not Captain we'll make her yeild, tho' I aſſure you, you'll find more in her than you are aware of, but no matter, 'twill all be diſcovered in time to your advantage. ——Niece, I have brought a Gentleman to ſee you.

Marg. Whoever comes with you is doubly welcome.

Buſy. Nay then, Courage, fall on, —— Madam your Slave —— A brave plump Wench, and kiſſeth rarely. I'll warrant her a delicate Bedfellow in a Froſty Morning. *Salutes her.*

Freem. I doubt (Neice) we have diſturbed you.

Marg. No, no dear Sir, my Steward being returned from keeping my Courts, I had a mind to learn what he had done; I think 'twas almoſt over, Rent all.

Shuff. To a ſmall matter.

Marg. Leave it to ſome other opportunity.

Buſy. To what a Maſs of Wealth and Honour am I growing. (*Aſide*

Freem. This Gentleman, my Worthy, Honourable Friend, is come to kiſs your Hand, and if he Court you, Treat him Civilly; I am deſirous he ſhould be your Husband.

Buſy. Well ſaid Lieutenant, he doth not beat about the Buſh, but falls immediately upon the point, and ſince 'tis ſo well begun, now for Lies and Flatteries in abundance. (*Aſide*) —— Fame, Madam, having talked ſo loud in your praiſe, I had a greedy deſire to view the Original, imparting this to your Uncle, he brought me hither, and now I find, what I have heard comes ſhort of what I ſee; Mine Eyes no ſooner ſaw, but my Heart was in a Flame, it heaves, it beats, it trembles, I'm all over Pulſe, and in a perfect Agony.——The Devils in't, if this be not expreſſed like a true Lover. *Aſide.*

Freem. The Woodcock comes on apace. *Aſide.*

Marg. I doubt Sir, you are more in love with what you heard, than what you ſee.

Buſy. She is in the right of it; tho' I muſt pretend otherwiſe. (*Aſide* No, Madam, no; tho' what I heard is much beyond my poor deſerts, 'tis you, 'tis only you, your Perſon I adore. ——Know I abhor that petty, paltry Pelf, let it be gone, all vaniſh into Air. Let my Dear Love, my Saint, my Idol be only Armed *Cap A Pe* with nakedneſs.—— Tho' I ſay it my ſelf, and tho' it be a damned Lye, 'twas a lively expreſſion, I Appeal to any Man that underſtands Courtſhip and Lying. (*Aſide*

Marg. I Vow 'tis a pretty Gentleman. *Seemingly aſide.*

Buſy. Is he ſo? (*Aſide*) ——I love you Madam, beyond all the World, from theſe fair Eyes, theſe Ruby, charming Lips, I Panting wait my doom.

Marg. Oh! were it true he ſays.

Buſy. True, Madam! Is it the Sun that Rules the Day? The Moon and Stars that Guide the Night? 'Tis eaſier to make the high *Alps* Navi-

gable, or ſtop the raging motions of the Winds or Seas, than to divert or rather quench my Love. ——Oh my Dear Saint, didſt thou but know the ſecret Flames within my Breaſt do glow, you would not be ſo cruel, ſo hard hearted. ——She trembles. *He takes her by the hand.*

Marg. Oh! I am loſt. *Falls into a Swoon.*

Freem. Captain you are fortunate, the Fort is won.

Buſy. If I had her in private I'de quickly bring her to her right Senſes.

Freem. She revives again: How do ye Neice?

Marg. A Devil Gnaws and Tears my Breaſt.

Buſy. 'Tis a very good natured Devil, he is pleading my Cauſe, this is the firſt Service he ever did me.

Freem. Come, come you can no longer hide it, I ſee you love the Captain.

Marg. I know not; but I find I cannot hate him.

Freem. Take her; to Morrow ſhe ſhall be your Bride.

Buſy. Which Gift I joyfully receive.

Marg. I am all obedient to my Uncles Pleaſure, but why ſo ſudden? I have no new Cloaths.

Buſy. No matter, we put 'em all off when we go to Bed.

'Tis better far than ſeven years a Cooing,
Billing and other formal acts of Wooing;
Bleſt is the Match that is not long a doing.

Exeunt.

SCENE III.

A Garden.

Enter Sue Froth *alone.*

Sue. I have locked up my young Rival in her Chamber; there let her wallow on her Bed in Meditation, whilſt I receive my due; a ripe Age this, that a Girl not paſt fifteen, ſhould pretend to years of Diſcretion, and with my Husband too, what will this World come to? ——Well, I'll go and defeat his expectations. A Raſcal debauch his own Maid. *Exit.*

Enter Swaſh *in his Waſtcoat and Drawers.*

Swa. All loſt, all gone; my Miſtreſs, my Money, my Cloaths, and *Sharper* has left me: No Friend to a Man in Adverſity. All my Jewels Sacrificed,

Sacrificed, *Cut-throat*, *Fencer*, *Warriour*, *Dangerfield*, and the reſt of their Honourable and Worthy Brethren, diſfigured, and by Treachery, put one againſt the other, and all in Battel ſlain, the whole Generation, Root and Branch, cut off in the prime of their years; *Trey* and *Cater* murthered, I had as good go home and hang all the Hounds, and make a clear Houſe. ——'Tis woondrous dark, I muſt endeavour to find out my way to ſome lodging. *Exit the ſame way.*

Enter Froth *alone.*

Fro. Now for my Aſſignation with my little Harlot, and now Madam *Suſanna*, I ſtand in defiance of your Cudgel; if variety be ſo good, 'tis neceſſary I ſometimes humour my nice Pallate, I will therefore Solace my ſelf in change of Love. —— But hold *Nicholas*, look before you leap; ſuppoſe in the abundance of thy Affection, ſhe ſhould Conceive, and ſhould have iſſue by thee? thy Wife *Suſanna* will Confiſcate thee to all Intents and Purpoſes. —— A bad buſineſs I'll go no further. —— But hold ſweet *Nicholas*, one word more, thy little Damoſel of Delight, now in the Cold expecting thee, ſhould ſhe grow Sick and Die, by this diſappointment —— The caſe is altered again, therefore I will proceed —— What tho' there be a Child or Children, of the Body of the ſaid *Nicholas Froth*, upon the Body of his ſaid Servant Maid, begotten or to be begotten. —— She ſhall name no Father, and ſome of my Wives Cuſtomers ſhall pay for the maintenance; or what if it paſs for *Nicholas Froth*'s Child? All theſe things impartially conſidered: a decree paſſeth, that I ſtand firmly to my firſt reſolutions; may it therefore pleaſe your Ladyſhip, Mrs. Wife, to excuſe my perſonal attendance for the preſent.

(*Exit.* Swaſh *meets him, he ſtarts back in a fright.*

Ha! The Devil! I ſee his Cloven Foot, he hath been before me, and made the firſt cut in the Pye —— Had I diſturbed him, he had certainly torn me pieces —— O poor Creature thou art finely pepper'd.

Swa. Searching my way, and opening a little Door, I entred, and immediately a Woman with her Arms clapped me about the Neck, I ſoon found it a Banquet of Love prepared for another Man, without ſaying Grace I fell too, to her ſatisfaction as well as mine own I hope —— However this is ſome Comfort in the midſt of my troubles. (*Exit.*

Fro. Is he gone? He hath cooled my courage, yet I am in a Sweat, he talked, methoughts, very merrily, therefore I judge he hath been playing the Rogue, what a brave opportunity have I loſt, curs'd diſappointment!

Enter Sus. Froth.

Sus. My *Nicholas* is a very kind Husband upon occaſion; but why he went off ſo ſoon, I cannot imagine: Certainly he could not diſcover me— I hear ſome one one tread—— Who's there?

Fro. Ha! —— *Sus!* —— Now have I been Cuckolded by the Devil! If ſhe hath conceiv'd, *I* hope ſhe'll ne'er bring forth: 'Twill be a ſad caſe if I muſt Father a young *Beelzebub* in mine old Age. (*Aſide.*

Sus. Who's there? *Nicholas!*

Fro. Sus! what makes you here ſo late?

Sus. To keep you honeſt againſt your will, Friend, you took me for another in the Garden-houſe— ſo briſk! ſo fine! ſo amorous! *I* have diſcover'd you now in the height of your Roguery; you thought, like a filthy Fellow, to have found your Servant-Maid, but 'twas *I* that met you there with Chaſte Embraces.

Fro. By her own Confeſſion ſhe hath been playing the Whore; yet *I* muſt bear the blame: —— Had ever poor Cuckold ſuch Fortune before! (*Aſide.*

Indeed Wife, *I* was not there; *I* ſuppoſe you had good Evidence to the contrary.

Sus. Is it not enough, thou Villain! that thou art falſe to my Bed, but thou wouldſt make me belye my own Senſes? Do'ſt thou think to brave it thus? I'll make thee repent, thou Ungrateful!——

Fro. Now muſt *I* crave pardon for her Offences. (*Aſide.*

I ſaw a great and mighty Monſter come forth from thence juſt now, with four Legs, and one Cloven-foot, and two Horns as long as an Elephants Snout, Eyes like Barbers Baſons, grin'd and ſpit Fire as he paſt along: *I* fear'd he wou'd have burnt me; the Brimſtone is not yet out of my Noſe—— Indeed Wife, under Correction, and the Circumſtances conſider'd, the Devil hath been a little to familiar with you.

Sus. Thou wouldſt perſwade me 'twas the Devil, but *I* am well ſatiſfy'd to the contrary.

Fro. Then I hope you are convinc'd of the Miſtake.

Sus. This Impudence (my Friend) muſt not paſs unpuniſh'd: Were it as thou ſay'ſt, 'twas thine own ſeeking; a juſt Reward, and no fault of mine.

Fro. No, you Women are never in fault.

Sus. To meet my Husband there, was my intent;
And ſuch Adultery was innocent. (*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Gripe *alone.*

Gri. WAs it your Project (Mr. *Truſty*) to cheat me of my Children?— I wonder what they have done with the Squire *Smiſh*, for I can hear nothing of him?—— They will not, I ſuppoſe, keep him any longer in durance upon this Fob-Action, ſince Sir *Patrick Greedy* knows nothing of the matter.——— Keep your great Tynn-work to your ſelf, Mr. *Manley*; I'll not be bubled thus out of my Daughter; I hope to beſtow her better, tho' I confeſs I was almoſt betray'd.

Maid within. Fire! Murther! Thieves!

Gri. My Bags! my Gold! my Money! [*Runs about the Stage in a Fright.*

Enter Maid.

What's the matter? Is the Houſe a-fire?

Maid. Worſe, Sir, worſe!

Gri. Am I robb'd of my Gold?

Maid. Worſe, Sir, worſe!

Gri. What can be worſe? Tell me in ſhort.

Maid. Oh, Sir! my Miſtreſs!——

Gri. Run away with *Manley?*

Maid. Worſe, Sir, worſe!

Gri. She is not murther'd, is ſhe?

Maid. Worſe, Sir, worſe!

Gri. Do not dally with me; I'll have it out, or tear it from thee.

Maid. You need not be ſo inquiſitive after bad News, that will make every Joint of you tremble.

Gri. I'm become thy Sport and Paſtime. [*Goes towards her.*

Maid. I have done, Sir.—— [*Exitura.*

[Gripe *runs and takes her by the Throat.*

Maid. Oh, Sir! I will.

Gri. Tell me immediately, without the leaſt Evaſion, or I will throttle thee this very minute.

Maid.

Maid. Laſt night when I came from my Miſtreſs's Chamber, I drew the Courtains, and lock'd the Door; this morning I tremble to declare what I eſpy'd.

Gri. Again! (*Loud.*) [*She ſtarts.*

Maid. Nothing—— but Mr. *Manley* in Bed with her.

Gri. Hah!

Maid. Lovingly claſp'd in each others Arms aſleep.

Gri. There may they ſleep their laſt——— Is this the fruit of all my Pain and Care, to have nurtur'd a confounded Harlot! [*In paſſion.*

Maid. Good Sir, no ſuch hard words: I dare ſay Mr. *Manley* is a lovey Bedfellow—— I heartily wiſh'd my ſelf in my Miſtreſs's place.

Gri. Wou'd any other had been there but ſhe.

Maid. I way'd 'em, Sir, and then made bold to tell her ſo: She clapp'd him on the Cheek, and kiſs'd him; quoth ſhe, I will not part with my dear *Manley* for all the World.

Gri. An excellent Relation of a lewd, laſcivious Whore.—— I curſe the time that ever I begot her.

Maid. I am confident I lock'd the Door cloſe; O' my Conſcience he is a Witch, or he could never have got in.

Gri. Such young Fellows always carry Pick-locks about 'em.—— Go, get you in, I have no more to ſay to thee. [*Exit Maid.*

Oh for a Curſe to plunge 'em deep enough!— May ſhe ſtill love him to exceſs! want Bread and Suſtenance to feed their crying Younglings! May they abound in nothing but Miſery! ——— This is the greateſt Croſs that e'er befel me.——— Now to prevent my Son's ruin, I'll match him forthwith to the rich Widow *Bryant*, leſt he grows mad again for *Manley*'s Siſter; I have given him my Writings, and hope my Friend *Cunningame* hath drawn the Settlement.

Enter Peregrine.

Per. If I miſs of my *Eugenia*, I am for ever loſt; nor muſt *Manley*'s Marriage be yet known. (*Aſide.*

Gri. Good morrow, *Peregrine*; where haſt thou been this Morning?

Per. Where I have heard more of Mr. *Truſty*'s Tricks, Sir.——— He and his Confederates, with *Sharper*'s treacherous Aſſiſtance, have rook'd the Squire *Swaſh* of all his Money, and turn'd him to the Country without Clothes: I was ſearching to befriend him in his Adverſity.

Gri. Step ſoftly into thy Siſter's Chamber, and ſteal away *Manley*'s Clothes; he is this time debauching her.

Per.

Per. How, Sir! —— They certainly have both more Vertue in 'em.

Gri. They have been all this night in bed together; what precious Acts of Vertue have been done, you may eaſily judge.

Per. I'll in immediately and cut his Throat. [*Offers to draw, and run out,* Gripe *holds him.*

Gri. Nay, good Son be patient; that's the way to be without thee too. ——One a Whore, and the other be hang'd, is a great Scandal to a Family.

Per. Pray Sir, let me go: Shall any Man dare to abuſe our Family, and *Peregrine* not revenge it? Such a Diſgrace I cannot, will not bear.

Gri. But, Son, as I told you before, 'tis a greater Diſgrace to be hang'd for killing of a Rogue: When you come upon the Gallows, to be able to cry, *Good People, here I am come to take my laſt Swing in the World, for cutting the Throat of one who diſhonour'd our Family.* So being ty'd up, the Valorous Mr. *Peregrine Gripe* and his fine Speech end together.

Per. He hath given her Philters ſure, or ſhe would not ſo baſely have yielded to him.

Gri. Give him his due, as far as I can underſtand ſhe is very well pleas'd with him.

Per. Ten thouſand Curſes on the Proſtitute! Will he not Marry her? —— I'll make him.——

Gri. Rather let him pine in hungry Repentance, till Starving bring 'em to their Senſes. Go inſtantly fetch the Writings hither; I'll forthwith Seal 'em; then thou may'ſt make me happy, at leaſt in one Child.

Per. And tamely thus without Revenge?

Gri. The beſt Revenge can be taken; therefore on my Bleſſing I enjoin thee to go without the leaſt Delay, Regret, or Heſitation.

Per. My Duty binds me; I obey. [*Exit.*

Gri. I begin to have ſome hopes of this Boy; he is dutiful and reſpectful to me. —— But I muſt ſecure him for fear of a Relapſe. —— Oh my *Clarinda!* my *Clarinda!*

Enter Manley *in his Night-Gown.*

Manley! thou Villain, what haſt thou done?

Man. Keep the Villain to thy ſelf, Old *Midas*; I was more kindly entertain'd within by thy Daughter; ſhe gave a Night's Pleaſure and Content; and Luck hath fail'd, if there be not a Grandchild in ſtore.

Gri. Very joyful News indeed! —— Now you come, I ſuppoſe, thinking to hector me into a Compliance. —— Give a good Fortune, ſay you, and I'll Marry her.

Man. You are miſtaken, Sir; I expect none of your Money; you had better keep it to maintain her Offspring; while you are upon your Good-behaviour,

behaviour, I may be now and then ſomewhat towards it: So a good morning to you. [*Exiturus.*

Gri. As you have taken poſſeſſion of the Tenement, take it with all its Incumbrances.

Man. I have had a quiet and peaceable Poſſeſſion as long as I deſired: I found the Soil barren and unfruitful; I have manur'd and till'd it up, and at Harveſt you may reaſonably expect a good Crop: What could any Man do more. (*Exiturus.*

Gri. You had as good take your Bedfellow with you; I'll maintain neither her nor her Baſtard.

Man. Then the Pariſh muſt, if ſhe can't work: I'll care for the Child, if ſhe lays it to me, and leave her to the Law.

Gri. Why ſure he will not be ſuch an inhumane Monſter! A Gentleman, and leave his Lady of Pleaſure to the Law! my Daughter too! 'Tis monſtrous! [*Aſide.*

Man. As you and ſhe behave your ſelves: I tell you what Proviſion I'll make for her; I took her for preſent Pleaſure and Variety; ſometimes, becauſe 'tis a pretty, loving, good-natur'd Thing, and for my Recreation, I may give her the Honour of a Viſit; but never think I'll marry her.

Gri. If thou doſt, thou ſhalt not have one Groat with her.

Man. Keep it, Miſer, keep it: Do'ſt think I'll ever be confin'd within the Bonds of Matrimony, as long as I can have a young, beautiful, good-humour'd and ingenious Miſtreſs at my Command? Ha, ha, ha! what Years Child d'ye take me for of, Dad? or where was I bred? Once more good-morrow; remember me to your Son. [*Exit.*

Gri. I wiſh he may not ſee thee too ſoon.—— How the Rogue boaſts of his Plunder! —— What ſhall I ſay to Squire *Swaſh!* Shall I marry him to *Manley*'s Leavings? No; he ſmoaks the matter, and comes no nearer; and *Manley* ſcorns what he hath himſelf debauch'd.—— She and her Brat will be left on my hands,

Enter Clarinda.

Here ſhe comes, now for a compleat Excuſe; That ſhe was Raviſh'd, and with the Fear fell into a Swooning, which held her all night, that ſhe could not cry out. [*Aſide.*

Cla. Did you not ſee Mr. *Manley* paſs this way juſt now, Sir?

Gri. This is what I little expected.—— No Tear!—— No Bluſh!—— No Concern!—— Oh *Tempora!* Oh *Mores!*——

Cla. I hope, Sir, in time to work him to your Mind; he is much more loving than ever.

Gri.

Gri. Yes, yes, Sweet work! Beyond the ſtrength of Imagination! You that yeſterday were ſo brim full of Vertue! Where is it now? A meer ſham. As the moſt zealous pretender to honeſty, only waits an opportunity cunningly to Act the greateſt Villany, ſo the moſt ſeeming Coy Lady, privately proves the moſt rampant Harlot.

Cla. What you talk is Myſtery to me. Pray, Sir, what is it troubles you?

Gri. 'Tis the Devil of a Daughter. Infamous *Clarinda!* What haſt thou done?

Cla. Nothing but what I ought in obedience to your poſitive commands, ——did you not charge me on your Bleſſing, to uſe all arts and means, that might reclaim him.

Gri. Thou willingly miſtakeſt me, did I Commiſſion thee to be a Whore? (Cla. *weeps.*

Enter Truſty.

Here comes the curſed Author of my ruine.

Tru. Still at thine old Play! Lecturing thy Daughter? As how? What new offence? I prithee tell me.

Gri. The natural effect of thy curſed contrivance: thy Nephew *Manly* hath diſhonoured my Daughter.

Tru. Ha, ha, ha, Have the young People been reciprocally kind? your Family is like to encreaſe without paying any Portion or Tax for Matrimony.

Gri. Though you think you have hit the Mark, I muſt tell you, you have miſt your Aim, the breach is too wide ever to be reconciled, you have indeed robbed me of my Child—— Here, take her, lead her to her Gallant, let 'em have coſt and care mixt with their Pleaſure; the ſowr ſauce, may quicken the Appetite; or what think you of ſending her to *London?* ſhe may be very ſerviceable to the young Mathematicians, or where you will, ſhe is no longer mine, while I lay up for one hath better deſerved.

Enter Perigrine, Cuningame *and* Shuffle *with Writing, Pen and Ink.*

Per. I have purſued your poſitive Commands with ſome reluctancy, Pray, Sir, have yet ſome pitty on my Siſter; forget and forgive; ſhe might be trapan'd.

Gri. When People have been Whoring after their own Inventions, for a pretence they'll ſay they were trapann'd, give me the Deeds, who drew 'em?

Shuff. I drew 'em, Mr. *Cuningame* peruſed them.

Cun. I carefully weighed each Grant and Covenant exactly to your Model, as ſure as proportion it ſelf, but for your better ſatisfaction, you had beſt read it over.

Shuff. If he make uſe of the Complement we are all undone. (*Aſide.*

Cun. Being offered, nothing is ſuſpected.

Enter Manley *and* Eugenia.

(Per. *Grint.*

Gri. Perigrine looks ſtrangely upon *Manley*, his Fingers itch to be at him. (*Aſide*) Fetch me a Candle and Wax.

Shuff. There's a Candle in the next Room. I don't uſe to go without my Tools. (*Exit and Enters again with a Candle.*

Gri. Here ——(*Delivers to* Peregrine) I deliver this as mine Act and Deed to your uſe ——— I make it my requeſt, that Mr. *Truſty* and Mr. *Manley* be two of the Witneſſes. (*Both Sign it.*

Cun. It lies very hard upon your Daughter Mr. *Gripe.*

Gri. If ſomething elſe had not been, this might have been prevented. (*Aſide to each other.*

Tru. We have done Sir.

Cun. No further occaſion for me Sir?

Shuff. Nor me?

Gri. For neither.

Shuff. Let's be gone before it be diſcovered, the worſt he can ſay of us we have been true to our Clients. (*Aſide.*

Cun. And good reaſon, for we are well paid. (*Exeunt.*

Gri. Ha, ha, ha, Mr. *Manley* will you have a Portion to Marry my Daughter, or a Settlement? Draw it your ſelf you are a great Scholar, and a Star-Gazer; ſee if you can find it in the Milky way, give you joy of your great Bargain. *Perigrine*, Now when you pleaſe you may Eſpouſe your Widdow.

Per. Sir, This my intended Wife, joins with me craving your Bleſſing. (*Takes* Eug. *by the hand, both kneel.*

Gri. What doſt mean Man, ——'Tis ſettled in conſideration of a Marriage intended with the Widdow *Bryant.*

Per. By the name of *Eugenia*, Daughter of *Humphry Manley* Eſq; Deceaſed.

Gri. Ha! ——Cheated again! I have but two Children in the World, a Rogue and a Whore: A hopeful pair! (never ſtir) but where is friend *Cuningame* now, where is he? *Tru.*

Tru. He and *Shuffle*, like Phyſitians to a Languiſhing Patient, are both ſlip'd away, before the Death-fit comes.

Gri. Friend *Cuningame* a Knave? Then I think all the World are ſo.

Enter Parſon, which Manley *ſeeing, takes* Clarinda *by the hand, both kneel.*

What more tricks ſtill ——(never ſtir!) you won't Marry her, will you Mr. *Manley?*

Man. That I did yeſterday, this honeſt Parſon joyn'd our hands, our Hearts long ſince united.

Gri. (Never ſtir!) If it were in Lawful Matrimony 'tis ſo much the better ——Are you really a Prieſt Sir?

Par. At preſent only a Journey-man of the Church, a Curate of the next Pariſh, I hope in time to obtain a Benefice, and then I ſhall be finiſher of the Work.

Gri. And grow as Fat and Lazy as the reſt of thy Brethren. (*Aſide.* Did you Marry this pair?

Par. I join'd their Hands, and tyed 'em by the Tongue, and gave 'em a Spiritual Commiſſion to act other things if they pleaſed.

Gri. A bold venture Mr. *Manley*; what will become of her Portion now?

Man. I'll make Proviſion for your Daughter out of my own Eſtate, as your Son muſt for his now *Eugenia.*

Tru. And ſince thou beginneſt to be ſomewhat reconciled to theſe Matches, and to make *Manley* the more deſerving thy *Clarinda*; I'll immediately ſettle my Eſtate one half to my Nephew in Poſſeſſion, in Fee ſimple, and the remainder after my death.

Man. You were always a Father to me.

Gri. I vow I think thou wilt prove an honeſt fellow at laſt ——Heavens bleſs you all, I am heartily reconciled to ye, I am heartily glad that my Children prove to be Cheats, convincing Arguments to me, that what ever betides after my death, they'll be able to ſhift in the World. (*Aſide* —And to ſay Truth, the Father was the fitteſt to begin with, 'tis reckon'd no Sin, at leaſt a very ſmall one, to cheat Parents, and Conſcience is not prick'd till fully feared. ——Moreover *Clarinda* proves to be honeſt, I am now as mad for Joy, as I was ſome minutes ſince for Sorrow.

Truſt. And is not this better than Wedding her to that Weather-cock; one that would have allow'd her no other Company than her Servants? He is ſuch a Slave to his Recreations, he hath hardly time to ſleep; and all the Satisfaction ſhe ſhould have, won'd be to lie by a belching, ſtrong Beer or Brandy-Cask, who no ſooner wakes, but *exit*, and you hear no more of him, till after midnight again.

Gri. I underſtand you, Sir: I have not paid you my thanks for helping to cheat me; I am your obliged Friend and humble Servant, Sir. —— Parſon, I muſt have this other Pair match'd too, therefore beware we don't miſs the Canonical Hour.

Par. The Canonical Hour ſhall be at your Service till midnight.

Enter Buſy *leading* Margaret; Freeman, Sharper, Froth *and his Wife.*

Here come ſome that have been with me for a Caſt of my Office before.

Freem. The Captain's married to this Lady.

Buſy. Yes, Gentlemen; and, Ladies, I am marry'd.

Truſt. I heartily wiſh you Joy; ſhe is a great Fortune, and the fitteſt Wife for you that I know: She muſt needs underſtand her Exerciſe; ſhe hath been bred under a good Officer any time theſe ſeven years.

Buſy. What's the meaning of this, *Freeman?*

Freem. Nothing but a Banter; he only envies your Fortune.

Enter Swaſh.

Swa. I have had but a ſcurvy Night on't; every one that met me, ſhunn'd me for a Ghoſt; at laſt by great difficulty I got into a Hay-loft; poor and cold Lodging for a Perſon of my Quality.

Gri. How now, Squire! ſtript as if you intended for a Race. —— I wiſh you may make more ſpeed about your next Miſtreſs; this is marry'd before you come.

Swa. I did ſuppoſe ſome ſuch thing by the Arreſt.

Gri. Every particular, both as to the Arreſt and Marriage, were without my Conſent or Knowledge.

Swa. Your Daughter marry'd without your Conſent?

Gri. And bedded too: Between 'em they have cheated me of all.

Swa. A bleſſed deliverance! If ſhe conſent to cheat her Father, ſhe will make no ſcruple to abuſe her Husband; and Marriage at the beſt is but a bitter Sweet.

Sharper, thou Villain, art thou there?

Shar. Pray, Sir, be not angry; every Age and Country produces Precedents innumerable for what I have done; it hath been the practiſe of many ingenious Servants of all Qualities, to build their Fortunes on the Ruins of their Maſters.

Swa. I'll home and ſtudy the two great Buſineſſes of Mankind, *Intereſt* and *Diſſimulation:* I find 'tis to no purpoſe to perſwade a Woman againſt her own Inclinations. —Madam, I wiſh you joy.

Cla. I heartily thank you, Noble Squire.

Swa. In the midſt of all my Misfortunes, one very pleaſant Accident befel me: rambling laſt Evening in the dark, I crept into a little Door, where I found a Woman waiting with a Stock of Love for another Man:

I

I quickly reap'd the Crop, ruſht from her, ſatisfy'd with ſuch a pleaſant Plunder ——

Per. Do you know the Woman?

Swa. No indeed.

Sus. I am glad of that however. (*Aſide.*

Froth. Pray Mrs. Wife, with humble ſubmiſſion be it ſpoken, do you underſtand the meaning of this, Did *Nicholas Froth* Cuckold himſelf or no?

Sus. Peace; what was done, was thine own ſeeking, and can't now be prevented; therefore no more words of that matter.

Fro. I will declare thy Infamy in the face of the whole Word. —— O yes! ——

Sus. *I* muſt ſpeak him fair, or he will out with it in earneſt. [*Aſide.* Sweet *Nicholas*, be ſilent.

Fro. Do you begin to alter your Tone? If *I* grant Peace, it ſhall be on very honourable Conditions. —— *Imprimis*, will you Cuckold me no more?

Sus. No, *Nicholas*, no.

Fro. Nor keep a Conventicle of Whoremaſters Sundays Afternoon, about Buſineſs, to the Diſhonour of my Perſon and Profeſſion?

Sus. No, *Nicholas*, no.

Fro. Wilt thou henceforth be dutiful and obedient to the juſt and lawful Commands of thy Supreme and Soveraign Lord thy Huſband?

Sus. Yes, *Nicholas*, yes.

Fro. As long as you faithfully keep your Promiſes, *I* will be ſilent; but no longer.

Swa. Who is that with the Captain?

Per. His Lady; they were Marry'd this morning.

Swa. 'Tis our old Dairy-maid *Peg*; we have been very familiar ſeven years ago.

Buſy. Ha! this is very ſuſpicious.

Freem. Now all will out; Children and Fools ſpeak Truth. (*Aſide.*

Swa. *Freeman* hath kept her theſe two Years to my knowledge.

Buſy. Is this true, Mr. *Freeman?*

Freem. *I* cannot deny the matter of Fact; undermining and counterming belonging to the Art Military *I* thought fit to practiſe upon you, that you might inſtruct me if *I* acted amiſs.

Truſt. This Diſcourſe makes you melancholy, Captain.

Buſy. So it would any Man in my Condition —— This comes of Pride and Covetouſneſs, the ſingular Vertues of Mankind: Where are now my *Welſh* Manors and Bartons, Plantations, *&c.* Poor Captain *Buſy!* thou wer't never beaten at this Weapon before.

Freem. Give me Two hundred pound in hand to maintain the Child, and 40 *l. per Annum* to the Wench for Life, for ſeparate maintenance, I'll take 'em off your hands.

Buſy.

Buſy. Two hundred pound Fine, and 40 *l.* Rent to be Cuckold for Life!—— If Whoremaſters be Chriſtians, have a little more Conſcience in your ways.

Freem. *I* am very indifferent whether you accept the Offer or not; therefore expect no abatement; hitherto *I* have born the expence of my Pleaſure, *I* intend now to ſhare the Profit, and you ſhall pay for nibling.

Buſy. Theſe be your floating Iſlands and Plantations: *I* might have conſider'd foreign Wealth ſhrinks in Carriage.—— My hand is in the Lion's mouth; *I* muſt agree with him.

Enter Muſick. *A Drum beat without.*

Muſ. Underſtanding of a Wedding, we come to preſent you with a Sett of Muſick.

Gri. With all my heart; we'll have a Song and a Dance, and then to Church and ſay our Prayers very devoutly.

A Song and a Dance.

Freem. You have had time to conſider, Captain, what's your Reſolution.

Buſy. I do comply.—— Come, 'tis a Bargain.

Freem. While they go Church, we will go to *Nich. Frith's*, and confirm it.

We are all Friends; and ſince the Bargain's made,
From this time forth I will forſwear the Trade.

EPI-

EPILOGUE.

Spoken by Miſs *CHALKE*,

Seven Years Old.

Written by Mr. *HAYNES*.

I Have a Secret, I wou'd fain diſcloſe
To the Pretty, Witty Gentlemen call'd Beaus:
'Tis this;
If you will ſpare our Poet's Play to night,
(Altho' at preſent I can't do ye right)
You ſhall have my Firſt Fruits when I'm a Woman;
As I hope to be ſav'd I never yet knew *no Man:*
No, truly now, I'm ſo ignorant of Sin, or Schiſm,
I hardly yet can ſay my Catechiſm.
I'm mightily giv'n to play, and that's a Fault;
I'll mend a-pace tho'; I won't be always naught:
I live, *you know, where I can't but be well* Taught.
I've learn'd ſo much already behind the Scenes,
I know what a Billette Doux *and* Ogling *means:*
I know what Man keeps Somebody; *nay, I know more,*
I know ſhe that will Kiſs *for Money, is a Whore.*
Let the Men-Players leave off when they will,
Our Maiden Gentlewomen *will ſcarce lie ſtill.*
Nay— you may laugh at a young Innocent Creature;
But I know more than you think tho', of the matter.
I know the World's *a* Stage, *and do not wrong ye;*
You're better Actors there, than we're among ye;
Becauſe to act you's not ſo hard a Task,
As 'tis for you to act a Vizard Mask.
If we give Place to you, 'twill make no ſtrife;
We only Copy, *you* Draw *to the* Life.

What

What is't I don't know, unleſs it be the THING,
For which the Beggar *is equal to the* King.
But if that want of Knowledge be a Tranſgreſſion,
I'll know that too at Years of Diſcretion.
Mean time if you'll excuſe the Errours of this Play,
When I'm Fourteen, *it ſhall be more in your way.*
I can't pleaſe now, as well as Eight Years hence.
But if you Men of Love *are Men of* Sence,
As an Old Nurſe *inſtructs a* Smickering Maid,
When ſhe ſits ſtroaking little MARK *of Lad,*
My Penny *you ſhow ye how a* Shilling *is made.*

FINIS.

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